# The Relief Society Magazine

November 1928

Vol. XV
No. 11

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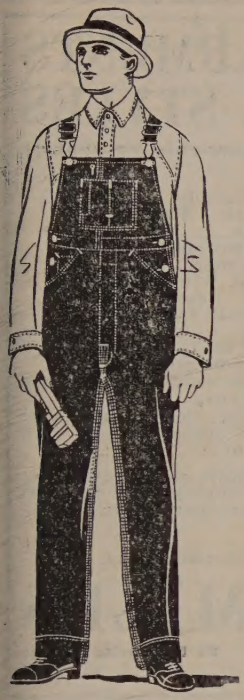

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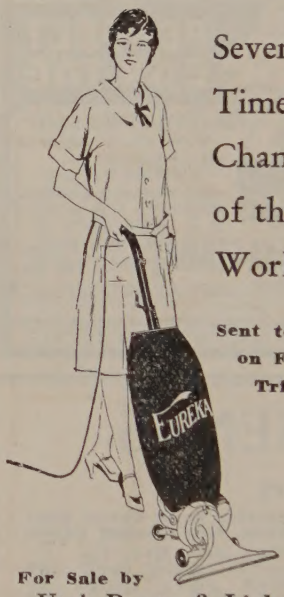


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# The Relief Society Magazine

CONTENTS


Aspens of Timpanogos.....Frontispiece
Disarm.....Minnie Johnson Hardy 579
Ina Coolbrith.....Kate Thomas 580
Thanksgiving.....Mrs. Merling D. Clyde 585
Mother's "Outside" Interest.....
.....Katharine C. McKay 586
Editorial—The Red Cross to the Fore.... 595
Utah Stake Observes Fiftieth Anniversary ..... 596
Our Educational World..... 597
Why Make a Budget?.....Jean Cox 598
Marilie's Ghost.....Helen Kimball Orgill 604
Gratitude.....Julia Collard Baker 609
Pioneers.....Lais V. Hales 610
Pastoral.....Carrie Tanner 611
Notes from the Field..Amy Brown Lyman 612
Guide Lessons for January—
Every Day Ethics and Practical Religion ..... 616
Work and Business..... 621
Literature ..... 622
Social Service ..... 628
Utah Autumn.....Dowers Cornwall 631
An Old Wagon Cover.....
.....Josephne G. Moench 632
A Common Prayer.....May E. Lillie 633



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*Courtesy of Dr. Walter Cottam*

ASPENS OF TIMPANOGOS

THE
# Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XV NOVEMBER, 1928 No. 11

## Disarm

*By Minnie Johnson Hardy*

Spring has come to the desert, and yucca blossoms so white,
Waxen and fair and fragrant, bloom in the morning light;
A wood-dove coos in the thicket; but what is this Voice I hear?
As the soft wind stirs the chaparral, it comes to me sweet and clear.

It comes from the graves of dear ones, who wore the blue and the gray,
Where flowers and flags are drooping, in loving memory today.
It comes from the restless ocean, that cradle so blue and deep,
Where many a brave young sailor has gone to his last, long sleep.

From the graves of our splendid heroes, who, by some sad mischance,
Have folded their hands forever, "Somewhere on the fields of France."
The red poppies bloom in Flanders, but what do the white crosses spell?
Let your heart speak, dear mother! You know full well—too well.

In honor today of our heroes, our flags now float at half-mast;
We have closed a chapter in history, on a sad mistaken past.
"O nations of Earth, awaken, be not slaves to war's wild alarm."
'Tis the voice of our cherished dear ones—"Peace—Disarm—Disarm."

"Peace, peace on earth, O my brothers; it is our dear Father's will;
Hear ye not his voice commanding," "My children, ye shall not kill?"
"Cease making men into soldiers, cease making guns to destroy,
Cease building monsters-of-the-deep to slay your neighbor's boy."

A mockingbird sings in the chaparral, but still on the wind that Voice,
"Let Brotherhood rule in the future, Live, Love; In peace rejoice."
It echoes from city to village, from palace to cottage and farm;
"Let not our sacrifice be in vain, Peace—Disarm—Disarm."

# Ina Coolbrith

*By Kate Thomas*

We are pleased to present to our readers a sketch of the life of Ina Coolbrith, a pioneer of the west and a niece of the Prophet Joseph. Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, Church Historian, tells us that his father kept up a correspondence with the author during his life and that the family has been aware of her literary achievements for many years.—*Editor's Note.*

At the death of Ina Coolbrith, "the poet-laureate of California," a friend of hers told me that she came of Mormon parentage, but never spoke of it. However, the *Los Angeles Times* of March the seventh came out with the following:

"Poetess' Past Uncovered. Ina Coolbrith Revealed as Mormon Leader's Niece, Pioneer of West, and Jack London's Mentor.

"Robert H. Davis, in a copyrighted article in the *New York Sun* today, lifts the veil surrounding the early life of the late Ina Donna Coolbrith, poetess, and reveals her as a heroine of the Overland Trail, the niece of the founder of the Mormon religion and the "literary mother" of Jack London.

"Ina Coolbrith died February 29, 1928, in Berkeley, California, at 86 years of age, regarded as one of the most noted poets of the West and a contemporary of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Prentice Mulford, Louis Agassiz and others who contributed to the literature of the nineteenth century.

"On her arrival in San Francisco soon after the close of the Civil War, Davis says she became an associate of Harte in the editorship of the *Overland Monthly*. Her poems flamed through its pages, and her personality made her queen of Russian Hill, San Francisco's Mount Olympus. From 1874 to 1893 she was at the head of the public library at Oakland.

"Through the instrumentality of one who was close to Ina Coolbrith, Davis offers the story of her genesis. She was born in Illinois, March 10, 1841, the daughter of Don Carlos Smith, a brother of Joseph Smith the prophet, founder of Mormonism, and Agnes Coolbrith.

"The family history became disrupted with the death of her father and two uncles, who were slain by a mob June 27, 1844, in Carthage jail, Hancock county, Illinois. There are no available records as to what happened to her two sisters.

"In the mid-Fifties Ina and her mother, who had remarried, left Illinois and crossed the plains over the Old Overland Trail with James Beckwith, Indian scout, arriving at Salt Lake when Ina still was in her teens.

"She vigorously opposed the polygamy of the Mormon colony, and a few years later went with her mother to Los Angeles, where she began her education as Ina Donna Coolbrith, taking the maiden name of her mother. She remained in Southern California until well into her twenties, turning a deaf ear to all offers of marriage.

"In San Francisco she was elected as the only woman member of the Bohemian Club, and twenty different clubs and societies carried her in their memberships. In 1915 the poet laureateship of the state of California was conferred on her by the Governor.

"While she was in the West, Davis says, Jack London came to her a ragged, barefoot newsboy and asked what she considered it best for him to read. She shaped his career.

"She was talent's confessor," Davis continues, "the inspiration of youth, the kindly guide to all beginners, but none shared the secret of her girlhood."

This sounded so near to home that I made inquiries about her and learned that she was much the type of the pioneer mother of Utah, kind, wholesome, old-fashioned, and motherly, with an intense love of the territory she had chosen as her abiding place, together with a strong desire to magnify the talents God had given her. Had she lived till March the tenth, she would have been eighty-seven years old; and her friends, west and east were planning a celebration. It made me think of "Aunt Em" and the good times held upon her honored birthday. Miss Coolbrith had been ill for several months; and while her death was not a surprise, it was a real sorrow to many people. She was the connecting link between the old California literary group and those of the modern day. "She belonged," stated one of the daily papers, "among the first picturesque group of pioneers, who came to the state in covered wagons. She came with her parents from Springfield, Illinois, in the days when the gold lure was drawing thousands across the plains."

For years she was a librarian in Oakland, then was chosen librarian to the Mercantile and Bohemian Club libraries in San Francisco. At her home in San Francisco she became the center of a coterie of literary people, chief among them being Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and Robert Louis Stevenson. The locality was spoken of by wits as the "poet's corner." During this period she published her first book, *A Perfect Day and Other Poems*. It is said that as a very young child she formed the idea of proclaiming the beauties of California in verse. She was bedecked with the flowers of her adopted native state when a passing Mexican called attention to her by calling out, "Look at the pretty little Americano!" so the story goes. The prettiness, in her simple mind, came from her decorations, and she determined then to make them known to everybody. She was locally famed as a poet, and her second book, *Songs From the Golden Gate*,

brought her much attention from people who were watching the growth of the then crude Pacific coast; presently she was referred to as the "Sappho of the West."

This success induced her to go to New York, but she was not at home there and was very glad to return to California. She lived in various California towns and was in touch with phases of California from the Indian and Spanish population to the mining camps. Her best poems seem to have been written in Oakland. At the time of her death she was a resident of Berkeley. Her last poem, "The Vision of St. Francis," was printed in northern California newspapers last November.

Laureateship was bestowed upon her by the governor through the legislature in 1919; "loved, laurel-crowned poetess of California." She has lived in the golden state almost eighty years. She was six when "dogged by Indians and harassed by hunger the little family reached California by way of Beckwith pass, named after the famous scout, Jim Beckwith, who piloted Miss Coolbrith's party."

Eighty years within its borders! No wonder she wrote:

### California

Upon my fresh green sods
No king has walked to curse and desolate;
But in the valleys freedom sits and sings,
And on the heights above;
Upon her boughs the leaves of olive boughs,
And in her arms a dove;
And the great hills are pure, undesecrate,
White with their snows untrod,
And mighty with the presence of their God!

There was nothing profound in her verse. She was a rhythmical, light, lyric poet, as notice:

### Meadow Larks

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy that I am!
Listen to the meadow larks across the fields that sing!
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O subtle breath of balm,
O winds that blow, O buds that grow, O rapture of the spring!

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy world that is!
Dear heart, I hear across the fields my mateling pipe and call.
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O world so full of bliss—
For life is love, the world is love, and love is over all.

Nothing could be simpler. It is the rhythm that attracts. Note it also in:

### West Winds

I would you might sing me, summer wind,
A song of a little chamber!
Sing soft, sing low, how the roses grow,
And the starry jasmines clamber,
Through emerald rifts how the moonlight drifts,
And the sunlight's mellow amber.
Sing of a hand in the fluttering leaves,
Like a wee white bird in its nest;
Of a white hand twined in the leaves to find
A bloom for the fair young breast;
Sing of my love, my little love,
My snow-white dove in her nest,
As she looks through the fragrant jasmine leaves
Into the wasting nest.

Tenderly, tenderly, summer wind,
With murmurous winds caresses,
O wind of the south to her beautiful mouth
Do you cling with your balmy kisses?
Flutter and float o'er the white, white throat,
And ruffle the golden tresses.

"'"The long year groweth from green to gold,"
Saith the song of the willow tree:
"My tresses cover, my roots unfold,"
O summer wind sing it to me!
Lorn and dreary, sad and dreary,
As lovers that parted be—
But sweet as the grace of a fair young face
I never again may see.

And for those who have enjoyed the literary lessons there is a distinct pleasurable truth in the last stanza of:

### Summer Past

Now the summer is all over!
We have wandered through the clover,
We have plucked in wood and lea
Bluebell and anemone.

We were children of the sun,
Very brown to look upon;
We were stained, hands and lips,
With the berries' juicy tips. * * *

Now the merry days are over!
Woodland tenants seek the cover,
And the swallow leaves again
For his castle nests in Spain.

Shut the door and close the blind:
We shall have the bitter wind,
We shall have the dreary rain
Striving, driving at the pane.

Send the ruddy firelight higher,
Draw your easy-chair yet nigher,
Through the winter bleak and chill
We may have our summer still.

Here are poems we may read,
Pleasant fancies to our need;
Ah, eternal summer-time
Dwells within the poet's rhyme!

All the birds' sweet melodies
Linger in these songs of his,
And the blossoms of all ages
Waft their fragrance from his pages.

"In the light of today's criticisms and preferences," says an *Oakland Tribune* editorial, "it may be said that there are many followers of poetry who do not appreciate the values in that which Miss Coolbrith wrote. * * * She was an artist of high ideals, a writer who would not stoop for effects, and one who, with her loved memories and associations, clung fondly to the style and manners of that time in which she was so conspicuous a figure. Not only as a poetess was Miss Coolbrith loved. She had the gifts and graces to inspire others and to her came many who were later famous. * * * When the Bohemian Club of San Francisco departed from all precedent and made her its only woman member, it did so to honor the artist and friend of artists. Miss Coolbrith was the proud champion of pure, classic art, and a generous benefactor to youth seeking to express itself in any worthy way.

"There are older people in the Eastbay who remember her as the rarely beautiful young woman who presided at the Oakland library, where she directed young reading with a wisdom and friendliness which made a lasting impression. To the poetry of the West and the Nation she made a contribution which was recognized on two continents, and in the hearts of her friends she dwelt secure."

The San Francisco Examiner comments: "Wherever Ina Donna Coolbright sat, in the company of men and women of her day, she was the center of attention. With the white scarf over her gray hair in these later years, she suggested somewhat the pictures of Queen Victoria; but Ina Coolbrith, even in illness, left the impression of vigor. Her humor and appreciation remained alert; her voice was deep and strong; her faculties did not desert. She was ever constructive and helpful. All through her years she was a source of inspiration to others."

Ina Coolbrith had met Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell and others of the earlier day poets. Of the later, Edwin Markham and George Sterling were her friends.

On one of her birthdays not many years back, one of her best friends and warmest admirers, no less than "the Poet of the Sierras," Joaquin Miller, was asked to make a poem about her. His reply was, "I am not equal to doing her halfway justice. Her whole life has been a poem, a sweet pathetic poem."

It makes one wonder just what the pathos might have been. But I was told by one who seemed to know that Ina Coolbrith, through her intense love for children, had given to certain children of others her whole heart and a devoted care and had reaped the usual reward of the unselfish by receiving in return small gratitude and little love. So wags the world.

## Thanksgiving

*By Mrs. Merling D. Clyde*

There's thankfulness within our hearts
That those we love are near;
The face of friends; the kindly word;
The voice; the smiles that cheer.

We're thankful for enough to eat;
A place to keep us warm;
The knowledge that a Higher Power
Will keep us safe from harm.

We're grateful for the sunshine bright,
And for the winter snow;
For rain, and trees; and for the flowers;
For each dear day we know.

# Mother's "Outside Interest"

*By Katharine C. McKay*

Margaret Morrill read the editorial twice and then hardly grasped its meaning. It had something to do with women having an interest apart from the home. It did not appeal to her. She read little, anyway, and then only the women's page in Farm Journals or articles about poultry. Tonight being Sunday night and she a firm believer in keeping the Sabbath properly, she could not knit, darn, or sew, as was her custom. It would soon be nine o'clock and her bed time. With a sigh she laid the magazine down and looked about her. Tom and Mary, home from school over the week-end, were seated on the davenport, Tom listlessly turning cards, endeavoring to amuse himself with solitaire, Mary deep in a novel she had brought home with her. She knew they were both bored. Somehow they never seemed so very happy at home any more. During the first two years at school they had come home regularly every week-end. This year their visits had been very few, dances and parties offering excuse to stay in town. Tom Senior went in often, too, and went shopping with them or to theaters; but she, with her milk, chickens and turkeys to care for, could never accept their invitations. It made Mary quite out of patience. "Why on earth does Father keep a hired man when you do all the work? What's Jim good for anyway, if not to tend chickens and turkeys? And Annie is as good help as you could find anywhere." Tom would add, "Let up a little, Mom, and enjoy life. We only live once." And Ethel, the married daughter living in town, urged her, too, to take things easier. None of them seemed to understand that tending a garden, making butter and watching the growth of her fowls was her life—that she would be lost without her farm tasks.

She glanced at her husband. He, clad in a silk dressing gown and slippers, Mary's idea of the proper way to dress for the evening, was sunk deep in a big leather chair, thoroughly enjoying his paper. She was sitting in an old rocker, an eye-sore, Mary called it, that was a remnant of less prosperous days. A faded cushion covered the board seat, a velvet tidy embroidered by her mother in the long ago, adorned the back. It was not very comfortable, but she was used to it; and besides, after she had done the supper dishes and tidied up the kitchen, it was practically bed time and foolish to think of getting comfortable. These new chairs, like the other new furnishings that Father and the children had insisted upon, while very elegant, were not restful to her. She was afraid of spoiling the upholstery with her rough

farm clothing, and could never rest her feet in comfort on the lustrous rugs for fear she would leave a trace of the hen-yard. The bright shining kitchen with its washable linoleum and rag rugs was more to her liking.

No one was paying any attention to her; she might as well retire but she hated to just get up and leave without a word, so she ventured,

"Them turkeys—"

"Those turkeys." Son and daughter spoke in concert, but neither looked up.

"Those turkeys," she corrected meekly, "that I bought from Ambrose ain't—"

"Aren't," they chorused again.

"Aren't what he made 'em out to be. I'm glad I didn't give him what he asked. They're worth what I did give, but I wont make much on them. Rate about third class, I imagine." She ceased and waited for a comment from one of them. There was no reply. After a moment Tom laid down his cards. "You're a good bargainer, Mom. If anyone could get the best of you it would be old Ambrose, and you can beat him. Are turkeys pretty high this year?"

"Will be by Christmas," his mother answered quietly. He was only trying to be polite. She knew that no one but her had the slightest interest in either old Ambrose or the turkeys. In fact Mary had threatened to wring the necks of the entire turkey flock, they gave her such a pain. An idle threat, as Mary could not be hired to go near a turkey unless it was picked, stuffed and roasted.

Tom Senior, feeling a little ashamed that his son should show such manners, folded his paper and sat up attentively.

"I didn't quite hear what you said, Margaret. Did Ambrose cheat you?"

"No, but I didn't make anything, either."

Not much encouragement there.

"How do you want that new hen-house fixed? I forgot all about it, but I'll tell Jim in the morning."

"I told him a week ago and it's all done now."

Father, chagrined, resumed his paper. Tom, relieved of having to take part in an uninteresting conversation, spread the cards in front of him; so Margaret reached for her magazine. After all there might be something in that editorial—she'd think it over. With a quiet goodnight she took it to her room. Tom and the children would not retire for hours. After his perusal of the paper he always went through their financial problems with them, discussing their school and entertainment, even their clothes. She should have done that at least, but Father handled the funds

and Mary wound him around her finger, so she always went to him for everything.

Alone in her room, she sat down on the edge of her bed to read the article a third time and see if it was really worth while. The writer, a woman editor, considered it almost a necessity that for her own sake a woman have something to occupy and entertain her besides her home. While her children were little, it was all well and proper to center all interest in the home; but when they entered high school or college, it was Mother's business to look to herself. She cited instances of women who had gone back to school teaching—had become buyers for local stores; one even had studied law.

Mother Morrill thought it all over. It was evident that she needed something. She was not contented and pleased with herself, and her husband and children desired her companionship less all the time. She must face the matter squarely.

She forced herself to recall an incident that had happened at Ethel's last winter; one which she put entirely out of her thoughts lest it hurt her too keenly. She had been upstairs getting Ethel's baby to sleep and had come down so quietly that her daughters, in conversation in the living room had not heard her. They were evidently discussing the coat she had just purchased.

"I'd like, just for once, to drag Mother into a decent store and make her buy something with a little style." It was Mary speaking. "She acts actually afraid of Main Street."

"This coat isn't so bad," Ethel had said. "And as Mother says, it's very good material and will last a life time. Worse luck."

Both girls laughed.

"Doesn't that make you sick? This good material stuff gets on my nerves—I've heard it so long and so much. Really, Ethel, I believe Mother likes to look like a hick."

"Mary, for shame."

"I can't help it. Sometimes I'm positively ashamed of her; aren't you?—her hands and her hair—and then such awful clothes! She *could* dress better. I actually feel sorry for Dad when they go anyplace in town together, there's such a contrast."

"You mustn't even think of such things again, Mary. After all she's our mother and—"

Margaret Morrill had not waited for more. Quietly she had gone back upstairs. She told herself, with the good common sense that she possessed, that Father would never be ashamed of her—they had struggled and suffered too much together—and that Mary, when age had made her a little wiser, would get over all this foolishness. So she resolved from that moment to forget it entirely.

Now, thinking over this evening's experience and many similar ones, and again using her common sense, she decided that

there must be something wrong with her. She looked at her hands—pretty hands they might have been, but the nails were broken and bruised, and the hands themselves were coarse and rough, covered with scars and deeply lined. She went to her mirror. Her face was not so bad—the complexion so beautiful in her youth had not been hurt by good soap and water, healthful food and sunshine. Her cheeks still possessed the ruddy glow so earnestly desired nowadays, but her hair—it was awful. However that could wait. The thing of importance now was that Mother had decided to have an "outside interest," and henceforth all her efforts must be turned to deciding what that should be.

For the next week she read the paper and all the magazines industriously, especially the part concerning women and their work. The first time she asked for a part of the paper Tom Morrill looked up in surprise; but she was so casual, so matter of fact, that he forbade comment.

At the end of a week her decision was made; so she spent her time planning how to carry it out.

Much to her surprise, the children came home the following week end. Tom Senior brought them and seemed quite proud of his achievement.

"I made Tom give up a stag-party and—what was your sacrifice, Mary?"

"Nothing but a luncheon," Mary answered carelessly.

"But why, Tom?" Mother asked.

"I'll have to be with the sheep at least a month, so it will be our last time together for a while. Where will you go, Mother, Ethel's or Carrie's?"

Both children waited expectantly. Mrs. Morrill hesitated, to enjoy the children's discomfiture. "Carrie's I guess. She's been wanting me for some time."

There was positive relief manifested in their faces. "You'll like it at Aunt Carrie's, Mom; she has so many chickens and things," Tom said; and Mary added, "And Ethel's baby is so cross, you'd not enjoy a minute there."

Well, that was settled, quickly and easily.

Then the letter was sent to Carrie, letting her in on the secret and outlining some of her plan. Carrie was just finishing breakfast and getting the children off to school, hers were still in the "grades," when the letter came. She cried a little as she read it. "I wonder if my children will ever be ashamed of me," she thought, as she watched them, still almost babies, trudging off. "But Maggie will make it all right; she always does—I'll bank on her"; and with a sigh almost envous, she started to gather her dirty dishes.

"Your station is Greenfield, Madam," the conductor said, as

two stations out of town Mrs. Morrill started down the aisle, suitcase in hand.

"I forgot something," she replied and brushed by him.

Back in the city she went at once to a hotel, a good, clean, reliable one, though not in the most fashionable part of town, and took a room and bath for two weeks.

She examined her check book. It showed a goodly sum. All her chicken, egg and turkey money had gone into it, and nothing had ever been taken out. When she had wanted to help, Tom had always said, "No, Mother, that's yours and you might need it some time. We'll have to be lots worse off than this before I'll take a penny of it." So it had grown—she was almost amazed to see how much.

Her first plan had been to venture into one of those shops that Mary had wished to "drag" her in and buy clothes suitable to a woman of business; but on second thought she decided she could probably do better if she went looking as she did. Accordingly she set out, the address she sought on a newspaper clipping in her hand. It was on a side street in a most undesirable part of the business section of town. It would have to be moved—but not immediately. Its location would do fine for the present, as there would be no chance of meeting the children.

Before a dirty window bearing the sign "Wholesale Poultry" she stopped. There was no sign of life within, but the door gave to her push and she found herself in a large room, barren and untidy. A counter, covered with worn oil-cloth and containing a roll of paper and string, projected to the center near the front. Behind it, along the walls and ceiling, empty hooks were visible; at the rear a space, probably a refrigerating plant, was boxed off. The prospect was not very encouraging.

At her entrance a man seated behind the counter, using it as a prop for his feet, had straightened up but did not deign to rise. He watched her with interest as she surveyed the room. At length he spoke, "Can I do anything for you, Madam?"

"I should like a few moments of your time to talk about your business."

He looked at her clothes, substantial enough—but—and the worn leather bag she carried, and decided she was a solicitor or canvasser, perhaps a book agent. She drew a chair to the opposite side of the counter and seated herself. Ordinarily he didn't care for this kind of companionship, but he had nothing else to do this morning and she might prove interesting.

"Your business is not very good, I imagine," she said, looking around.

"Good? It's rotten. I just barely make enough to keep alive and am lucky to do that."

"How much is it worth, do you think?"

The question surprised him. He hesitated before replying but decided she could mean nothing serious. "It ain't worth nothing. I'd sell the whole works for half a dollar."

"I want to buy it."

He was stunned for a moment, but instantly his business sense came to the fore. "Business ain't always so bad as this," he said, "I'll make you a good price," and he named what to Mrs. Morrill seemed an immense sum.

"I'll give you just half," she said, "cash."

"Why Ma'am, the property's worth more than that. I can't give it to you."

"I know what the property's worth and the business, you admit, is no good. I'm offering you a fair price and cash. Will you take it?"

It was too good an opportunity to lose, and the owner of the Wholesale Poultry Business knew it. "Yes," he said.

And so Mrs. Morrill acquired her "outside interest."

The days following were exceedingly busy ones. Herself to care for first, Mrs. Morrill visited some of the best shops and put herself in the hands of the capable clerks. They turned out a most satisfactory product. Then one day she ventured into a beauty parlor—for a shampoo and manicure—she told the enquiring attendant and was whisked away to a clean little white curtained alcove. The girl ran her fingers through her long luxurious hair caressingly. "Golly," she said, "You don't see hair like this nowadays. The way you do it no one would dream it was so pretty."

It was what Mrs. Morrill was hoping for.

"How can I do it?" she asked.

"Not so tight. You could have a beautiful natural wave if you'd train it. I'll show you when I get it dry." And so she fluffed and fussed; and Mrs. Morrill went away with combs, pins and nets, well tapered fingernails, light fluffy hair, and a sense of pride and well-being never hers before.

She discovered that she would have to make regular visits to markets and farmers, and that necessitated a car. So she purchased a neat little roadster and took lessons in running it. Her shop underwent a complete transformation. She cleaned and scoured, added new furniture, more hooks, and installed a complete modern refrigerating plant to take the place of the unsatisfactory one on hand. She found she would either need a stenographer or learn to typewrite herself. The business could not warrant a stenographer yet, so she took a business course three nights a week and spent the other nights in practice. She had to talk long and hard to the retail merchants before she met with any success; but at length they came to realize that "she knew her stuff" and that they could do better through her than

from the farmers. She visited all the farmers in person within a radius of sixty miles and corresponded with those farther away.

The business boomed. The little shop on Second Street radiated prosperity. Help had to be hired, trucks to be purchased. Mother Morrill was busy every minute of her day, but she went through it all as calmly and serenely as though she were used to running a railroad.

Mary tore open her note. Half to herself she exclaimed, "Well, what do you think of this?"

Ethel, standing behind her, responded, "Simply that Mother's done what Dad and you kids constantly urged—taken an apartment for the winter."

"Did you get one, too?"

"Yes, for myself and family. I bet Mother's cooked up a good old-fashioned meal. I've been looking forward to it all day."

"But, Ethel, we haven't even asked her to come to town this winter. She always made so much fuss over her everlasting turkeys. You don't suppose—she couldn't have brought them with her—could she?"

"Silly," turkeys would do fine in an apartment. I think Mother has just decided to give in and spend the winter here, and I'm mighty glad. The rest will do her a world of good."

"It will kill her. She has to be slaving or she isn't happy. Something wonderful must have happened to jar her loose from those turkeys."

Tom was equally surprised. "My gosh," he expostulated on reading his mother's note, "An invitation to dinner." He glanced at the note again. "Did you notice, girls, it doesn't say supper? There's something queer."

A few minutes later the phone rang. It was Tom Senior. "Do you know anything about your mother, Ethel? I was to meet her here when she came from Carrie's and she wasn't on the train."

"She's in town, Dad, at an apartment. We're all going up to dinner—invited for six o'clock."

"What? I'll be right up."

Promptly at six o'clock the Morrill family rang the bell of apartment 5. Susan West answered. "Where's Mother?" they asked.

"She ain't come yet. Susan threw the door wide, "Come in and make yourself to home. I'm looking for her any time."

They looked at each other in amazement.

"You working here all the time, Susan?" Mary asked.

"Yes, your ma brought me in. I like it fine, too."

More amazement.

Susan departed to the kitchen.

The family surveyed the room.

"It's perfectly charming," Ethel said at last; "done in exquisite taste."

"I'm glad Mother brought my chair in," Tom Senior was already in it. "You can't find a more comfortable piece of furniture than this."

"Thank heaven she left that old one of hers at the farm. I detest it."

"Mom seemed to like it though. Where on earth is she?" Tom voiced the question uppermost in all minds.

Mary, after opening all doors and peering restlessly here and there, had sauntered over to the window. "For the love of Mike," she exclaimed.

Tom was at her side, "Is that Mother?"

"Good night!" It was too much for Tom.

The family all gathered round.

A smart little roadster had driven up to the curb, and from it had emerged—Mother.

"That can't be your mother, children?"

"Looks like her to me; but, oh boy, what a change!"

Mother was coming up the stairs. She let herself in and ran from one to another, embracing her family. They met her in a daze, standing awkwardly—speechless.

"Well, my dears, be seated and tell me how you like the apartment."

They sat down, their eyes watching her stupidly.

"Mother," they all began at once.

"Aren't you starved?" she said, "I am. I'll see if dinner is ready."

She pulled off her gloves, of soft fine kid, and revealed white well-cared-for hands; her coat, a creation, she removed unaided—both father and son were too confused to offer assistance. Then she removed her smart little toque. An involuntary "Oh!" escaped from the group when they saw her beautiful hair.

She laughed, a little tremulously—"I'll see Susan"—and disappeared.

"Goodnight—Irene!" It was Tom again who broke the silence. "What is it? What has happened? Isn't she a peach?"

Mother came back then and ushered them to the table.

Father at length found his voice, "I can't eat a thing, Margaret, till you explain this to us. What *have* you done?"

"I've gone into business," Mother answered with a calm she was far from feeling, "the wholesale poultry business—and I'm doing well. I'll tell you all about it later. Now let's eat, and afterward I'm treating the crowd to a musical comedy."

None of them knew what they ate, they were too busy watching Mother. For the first time she held the reins of the conversation in her hands; she discussed the range with Tom Senior,

school with Mary and Tom, and the babies with Ethel, receiving only half-hearted replies from them all.

It was very late that night before any of them retired. Mother had to go over and over her story, while the family made an effort to grasp it.

"I've a position waiting for you, Tom, for Saturday and after school," she said; "I believe I can make you into a fairly good buyer, you're a lot like me. The salary won't be much at first, but will help out a little, and you won't be such an expense to your father."

"Bully for you, Mom; what time shall I appear in the morning?"

"And you, Mary, will be expected to take over the entire management of this apartment. I am away so much I can't attend to it properly."

"I'll love it," Mary answered, "It's so pretty and cozy." Then she wandered to her mother's room and started examining clothes. "Mother," she called, "These gowns are marvelous. You must go with me tomorrow to get a party dress. Dad has given me the money. Will you?"

Mother smiled happily, "Of course, dear."

At last the children were persuaded to retire. As they were leaving, Tom said, "My frat is entertaining the mothers at tea tomorrow, Mom, will you go?"

Mother hesitated, "I'm pretty busy—"

"You'll have to come. I've got to show you to the fellows—they'll die of envy."

Mother stretched out her silken-clad feet from which she had removed her slippers, and sighed—she was so happy. Tom Senior went over to her, he lifted her in his arms and going back to his own chair held her on his lap. It was the first time since Mary was a baby. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Mother," he kept saying, and repeated over and over, "Mother."

At last he said, "You've given them both something to do, Mother, are you leaving me out?"

"Oh Tom," she said, as she snuggled in his arms, "I could never leave you out; you're too much a part of me. You'll have to stand behind me in this business. It's going to be very hard sometimes."

"That I will, little woman," Tom answered; and, his masculine pride coming to the front, added, "You need never worry, I'll take care of you."

And Mother, her face hid in his coat, smiled.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

*Motto—Charity Never Faileth*

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# EDITORIAL

## The Red Cross to the Fore

The West Indian hurricane that wrought such havoc in Porto Rico and made its way up the Florida coast destroying from 2,500 to 3,500 lives, according to the best figures obtainable and much property, emphasizes once again the value of the Red Cross. The disaster unit of this organization was ready on the instant to go into the field and begin relief work. With great courage some of its members rode forth on a quaking sea and reached the seat of trouble. From them came messages of the extent of the catastrophe as well as an intelligent report on which a budget could be planned for adequate relief. This disaster is surely a most forceful reminder of the necessity for an organized agent being ever in readiness to face the disasters that invariably follow in the wake of these tremendous upheavals of nature that sometimes occur on the sea and sometimes occur on the land. How many lives have been saved, how much suffering averted by this particular sort of "preparedness" nobody can estimate, but that the salvage of life has been great surely none will deny.

It would be to the everlasting disgrace of a nation terming itself Christian if after two thousand years of the teachings of the blessed Master some organization did not come into being that

could in a measure cope with the exigencies of such untoward situations as follow tidal waves, earthquakes, cyclones and the like. It is a most appropriate thing that the cross symbolizing all the mercy of the Christ should enter into the name of this organization—an organization that all people, irrespective of race, color, religion or social standing must call blessed. Reverently we think of it; reverently we write of it. May its power for good increase in every land and clime on which the sun shines and the moon breathes forth a benediction.

## Utah Stake Observes Fiftieth Anniversary

Not long ago in the city of Ogden the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Weber Stake Relief Society was observed. Following that came the beautiful pageant in the Tabernacle, which heralded the news that the ten stakes of Salt Lake City and Salt Lake county were harking back fifty years to the time when the original Salt Lake Stake was organized.

On the 27th day of September, 1928, the Utah Stake Relief Society, in a fitting program, observed the date of its fiftieth anniversary. There were on the stand four women responsible at one period and another for leadership in the stake. These women were Mrs. Martha A. F. Keeler, Mrs. Inez Knight Allen, Mrs. Electa Smoot Dixon, and Mrs. Achsa E. Paxman. Mrs. Paxman is the present incumbent. An outstanding feature of the celebration was a representation in pageantry of the women of Utah Stake who were ward presidents before the stake was organized. This feature of the program was carried over by women of the Society, many of whom were relatives of the ward presidents they represented. They were gowned in the fashions of that past period. For instance, Mrs. Grace Cheever, who represented Lucy Smith, wore a costume that was her own mother's, thus reviving the dress in vogue half a century ago. Professor J. M. Jensen wrote some verses characterizing the life and labors of these first presidents. The verses were read to musical accompaniment by Miss Elaine Paxman, daughter of the president.

A feature of the gathering was the assembling of persons who had worked in the Relief Society fifty years ago. The history of the organization was presented by Virgie C. Murdock, counselor to President Achsa E. Paxman. A solo, Mother Machree, by Mrs. Allie Webb Clark, was electrifying to the audience. Flowers were presented to past presidents of stakes and to the members of the General Board who were there. The celebration was featured by two events, the presentation of a silver watch to Electa Smoot Dixon in recognition of her devotion during her term of office and the report by President T. N. Taylor of the opening of a box which was owned by the Relief Society and marked to be opened in fifty years. The box contained the photographs and

pamphlets and papers that had to do in the main with the Third Ward Relief Society. Counselor Jennie B. Knight, Mrs. Inez Knight Allen, and Miss Alice L. Reynolds represented the General Board at the gathering.

## Our Educational World

October sees practically every American college in full swing. Nobody whose opinion is valued pretends to doubt that education is a very important business and that it is becoming increasingly more important as the world advances. Crowded colleges of late have been a matter of much public comment and much private distress to heads of institutions compelled to take care of thousands of young people. Yet it will undoubtedly be a surprise to many people to learn that one-fourth of the people in the United States are engaged in either getting or giving education. Education bids fair to be the nation's biggest business. That it will be, in time, is inevitable.

Fortunately we have not carried through all of the problems that were known when the world was young; some have been solved. Constantly an ever-advancing world has brought to us problems unknown to the infant world with its primitive civilization. The problems of a higly specialized civilization can be met only by increasing knowledge; and it is for this purpose that colleges are established, extension courses offered, correspondence schools organized; for it is necessary that light and knowledge shall reach into remote places.

No helpful changes, no matter how desirable they may be, can be brought about unless the masses as well as the classes are well informed. While we were in Paris in 1925 we saw on several occasions youths and maidens passing the Pasteur Institute with long loaves of bread under their arms unwrapped, exposed to all the dust of the street. In America today there is scarcely a hamlet that is so out of step with progress that it does not have bread wrapped in paper properly waxed or oiled. It is of little value to France that one of the ablest of her men should have added materially to the germ theory of diseases, if the people go on from decade to decade exposing their bread to all the dirt of a modern city street. The difficulty with France is not that there is a lack of intelligence in upper circles; the difficulty lies in the fact that she does not get her story of scientific achievement with its application over to the people at large. The possession of knowledge by the few does not turn the trick. The Relief Society through its educational program and its social work is helping to spread material that will enable its members to be in the ranks of the great army of progress that is daily rising on stepping stones of its dead self to higher things.

# Why Make a Budget?

*Jean Cox*

The homemaker who said to the automobile salesman, "We haven't made a budget yet, so are not ready to investigate any automobiles," had the right standard for financial success in the home. This home, by the way, represented a close partnership, as the wife felt some definite responsibility in helping to meet necessary payments on land, machinery, new home and furnishing. Her responsibility as a member of the firm extended to personal expenditures as well, since she was just as careful of what she spent as if she were entirely responsible for meeting the bills and notes necessary for an expanding farm business.

## *The Home-Maker's View*

It may be interesting to note that this homemaker had earned money for several years before her marriage and knew not only the value of money but also the importance of accounts and budgets before her salary check became past history. Her own financial independence had convinced her that money has only a limited purchasing power, and her experience had convinced her that if the dollars are used to satisfy one want another desire will go unsatisfied. In her home, limited by conditions imposed by a new country, this wife and mother continued to spend the income so as to satisfy the greatest possible number of family needs.

Success in satisfying needs is largely dependent upon careful planning. It is said that the woman of yesterday thought and thought and then spent, while the woman of today spends and spends and then thinks and thinks. Giving thought as to how to spend after the purchase is made is parallel to locking the gate after the horse is gone. Neither worry nor regrets will make money available for the comforts that should have been purchased with the part of the family check frittered away with large and small extravagances. Attempts to justify this kind of spending frequently accompany the off-hand remark, "I should worry; Dad has to pay the bills." This is, to say the least, characterless conversation.

## *What is a Budget?*

One of the big reasons why the average person does not radiate much enthusiasm for budgets is due largely to the fact that the term budgets and accounts are used interchangeably.

Accounts are only records of expenditure, they are memorandums of expense, but budgets are like the blue prints of a building; they are the plan ahead of time for spending the income. Making a budget is merely a device for thinking out the division of the income so as to obtain major satisfactions and pleasures. It helps to divide the weekly, monthly or yearly income so as to cover the needs of the individual and family.

Another reason why budgets are apt to be in disfavor is due to the fact that the budget cannot be imposed upon the family or individual. When this is attempted vexation results. A plan ahead of time for spending your money is necessarily different from the division best suited to the needs of your neighbors. The right division for the individual family is only possible when it is based on actual record of expenditures. With this record at hand, careful analysis is necessary in order to determine what expenditures are to be definitely classified as *Must Haves* or *May Haves.*

### *How Budgets Must Differ*

Miss A., in her bachelor quarters, spends more than the ordinary fifth of her salary for rent, but she is convinced that in order to be reasonably happy and comfortable she must have the apartment rather than a room. In order to keep within her living expense allowance, she spends less for food because she prepares a part of her meals in the small kitchenette and also does her personal laundry. Miss B. has only a room at less cost than Miss A's apartment, but necessarily spends more for food and running expense than Miss A. They both receive the same salary and are able to make practically the same investment saving each month. Each one is spending in accordance with the plan she has worked out, in order that they may have peace of mind in their living arrangements.

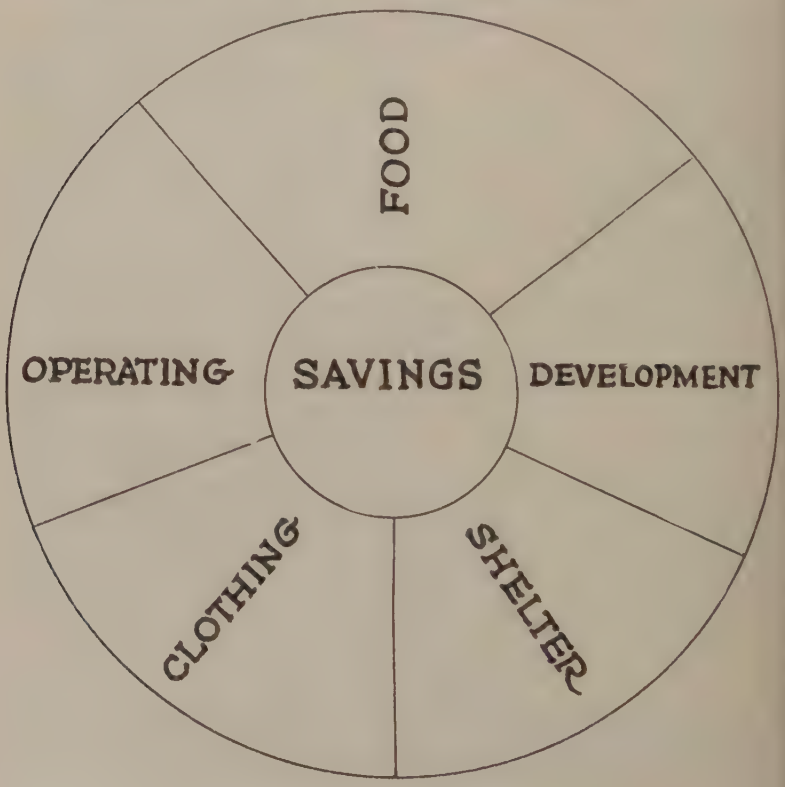
Budget specialists, in banks and investment houses, have worked out different devices to help their patrons decide whether or not it is possible to make readjustments of their opinions as to how many wants they must or may satisfy on their income. Determining the best expenditure of funds is dependent upon judgment. As a device for determining between essentials and non-essentials, it may be wise to list the "must haves" in one column and the "may haves" in another and then divide the income proportionately between the two.

### *Must- Haves and May-Haves*

Miss Agnes Donham, special lecturer and writer on household budgets, divides family and personal expenditures into two big classes—Must Haves and May Haves. The must haves deal

with stern reality such as minimum essentials in shelter, food, clothing and running expenses and advancement on the same income. Different families have different standards as to minimum requirements for health and happiness. The Jones', for instance, feel that considerable sacrifice is commendable in order that the Jones' children may have the opportunities afforded by a better neighborhood than the ordinary budget division allows for rent. The Browns, in contrast to their old friends the Jones', are anxious to trim their expenses for shelter and clothes and incidentals in order that William Jr. may have opportunity for musical education.

The following Budget Wheel worked out by Miss Donham is a good device to help analyze and classify expenditures. Where the income is low, more than a fifth of the income is spent for food. This extra amount is usually taken out of the fifth allotted to development and clothing. The housekeeper anxious to spend wisely should be interested in keeping accounts and then classifying expenditures according to the division suggested:



## Budget Plan

*Operating*

Coal
Oil
Wood
Gas
Electricity
Water
Laundry
Service
Household Supplies
Repairs and Replacements
Telephone

Miscellaneous operating
House Carfare
Postage
Express

*Food*

Week
Month
Year

Food

Milk and Cheese
Fruit and Vegetables
Groceries and Ice
Meat and Eggs
Bread and Cereals
Outside Meals

*Development*

Education
Health
Church
Benevolence
Recreation
Vacation
Club Dues
Gifts (personal)
Household equip.
Personal Expenses
Automobile

*Clothing*

Man
Woman
Children

*Total Income*

Number in family
Ages of children

*Special Conditions*

Occupation
Location—Health
Dependents

*Shelter*

Rent
or
Interest
Taxes
Fire Insurance
Repairs and
Business Carfare

There is good psychology in the emphasis given savings in this budget wheel. The time is past when to save what isn't spent for others things is sufficient. Purposeful savings must be planned for and the amount must be taken out before expenditures are made. In the more recent books on household accounts the arrangement of columns differs from that of the earlier household account books. The following arrangement has been found satisfactory for some families:

Income
Savings
Gifts:
Donation
Charity
Rent
Taxes
Furnishing
Upkeep

Clothing:
Father
Mother
Johnny
Advancement
Light
Heat
Phone
Doctor

Dentist
Foods:
Meats
Groceries
Fresh fruits and Vegetables
Milk and milk Products

## Representative of Needs

One of the biggest arguments for systematic household accounts and budgets lies in their value in character training for the younger members of the family. Children should be taught appreciation of what is done for them by their parents. This should help them to understand what they cost their parents in terms of dollars and cents. Frequently, unruly boys and girls have never been made acquainted with the amount of income the family has available for its needs, and only where there is understanding among all of the members of the family does the budget become a family budget, representative of the needs of the different members of the group. Unlimited and uncontrolled spending is not conducive to good morale in the home. Let the carefully worked out

budget determine the amount of spending money each member of the group should request.

### *Stabilizes the Family*

Budget planning gives stability to the family. Social workers find that 9/10 of the broken families break down on the financial rocks. One well known attorney says that 95% of divorces are directly or indirectly dependent upon questions of family finance. Much of this failure in homemaking is due to the fact that either one or both of the contracting parties have either failed to think or failed to face financial facts that needed careful consideration. Careless thinking in terms of income and outgo result in the accumulation of more bills than available funds can pay. The result usually is financial disaster, unhappiness, loss of confidence and legal separation.

A budget helps you to know how you are using your life. Record of plans for and expenditure of your funds help to tell the kind of a person you really are. Comparatively few people have had the opportunity of buying all that they desired. Very few of those who have achieved have been able to develop in their chosen field, without sacrifice and careful planning. If your expenditures show many expenditures that mean little or nothing in lasting satisfaction, it is possible that your present living is not purposeful and worth while.

### *To Think in Terms of Budgets*

It takes considerable discussion to help people think in terms of budgets. Budget experts are often of the same opinion as the old darkey who says:

"I tell 'em what I'm going to tell,
I tells 'em and den
I tells 'em what I've done tole 'em!"

Many people get the idea that accounts and budgets are merely devices for saving. That is not the case. The economist does not stand for pessimistic saving, for life is not made for saving. People who have only money enough to get along with should not be asked to save. The thought behind the saving is to make life more abundant. The idea of planning before spending is to help people live up to better ideals for deferred purchasing power means more abundant life. Working to save and saving to live more completely represent two definite ideals.

### *Consider Relative Values*

Another use of the budget idea is to show the relationship between income, house value and furnishing. Where the income is

$3,600 a year a fifth of it may be spent for shelter which should include heat, taxes and depreciation as well. The value of the home is partly determined by its actual renting value. An apartment, for instance, rents theoretically for 10% of its total value. A person living in an apartment where rent is $75 a month is living in the equivalent of a house valued at about $7,000.

Few people have any idea of the total value of their house furnishings. This, of course, is difficult because different articles need more frequent replacement than others. Then, too, hangings and furnishings are sometimes disposed of before they are really worn out. Even with these difficulties the average family should know approximately how much their furnishings are worth. If you queston this, make an estimate as to the value of your furnishings, then sit down and list the furnishings you have in each room. The next step is to try to duplicate at a furniture store or a second hand store what you have in your home. Probably considerable surprise will result from the grand total.

The question of "How much should be spent for furnishings?" should be carefully considered. Home economists who have made a careful study of this feel that not more than 25% of the house cost should be spent for the furnishing of the home. This percentage should be taken into consideration in planning a home for the total investment of the house, lot and furnishing should not be more according to Dr. Andrews than the family income for three years.

### *The Family on Economic Bases*

Is your family on a staple economic basis? What determines economic stability? Does spending money for auto, theatres, new house, expensive furnishing, elaborate clothing, travel, etc., give assurance of certain financial freedom? This freedom is short lived, however, if there isn't proportionate savings and reinvestment for the rainy day ahead. If the income is sufficient to warrant expenditures for luxuries then some savings are necessary, if the plan for spending is approved by budget specialists. Dr. Benjamin R. Andrews thinks that the family ambitious for an auto should have an equal amount in the savings bank for a rainy day.

The most accepted reasons for saving are the emergency, dependence of old age, care of dependents, building a home and education of the younger members of the family. The most generally accepted views for living within a budget are to live more completely, to be safeguarded from financial disaster, to live harmoniously with the other members of the group.

# Marilie's Ghost

*By Helen Kimball Orgill*

There are ghosts; but the one which haunted Marilie was different from the ordinary run of them. Hers was the ghost of a story that wanted to be written.

The Alden family came from Boston to Alberta. The mother and father had engaged in pedagogical and other educational pursuits; but one day a newspaper article had attracted them, depicting the wonderful opportunities of the Northwest.

A spirit of adventure seized both parents. What could be more thrilling than the prospect of owning acres of rich prairie land, acres which could be made to yield a bounteous living? In addition would there not come renewal of health and strength?

So they went, selling all possessions which could not be taken.

It was a far cry from teaching school in Boston to homesteading in western Canada.

Years of disillusionment followed.

They both pined for the cozy comforts of the old home. True, health and strength had come to them, as well as the children; but they wearied of the unceasing struggle incident to life in the rigorous North. It had been fine as long as the novelty lasted; but now, feeling unable to overcome the longings for the old home conditions, they once more disposed of their belongings, sold the land to which they now held title, and went back.

But in the meantime Marilie, eldest of three daughters, had met big, handsome Jim Graham. Besides, youth is more easily transplanted; so she had no desire to follow the rest of her family.

Jim weaved wondrous romance as he gazed across the wide stretches of rolling hills. How he loved the prairie, with its sunny skies, invigorating climate and green grass. All that was needed to make his prospects perfect was the addition of Marilie to grace his humble abode.

She in turn absorbed some of his enthusiasm. So they were married, with the future looming brightly with rose-hued dreams.

With foresight they planted many trees, building always with an eye for the future.

Then came Betty, the wonderful first child, followed by the boy, Danny. There was indeed something to work for now.

In the meantime there was a gradual stirring in Marilie's being. During her high school days, Marilie had shown undoubted literary ability. Her composition work had called forth unstinted praise from the instructors.

"There is no literary height you may not attain to," one enthusiastic professor had declared. With the passing of the years that followed, these words were almost forgotten. The days and months seemed so crowded with matters very foreign to a literary life. But in her young married life, with the two children to care for, strangely enough, ambition was reborn, and with it a sense of guilt for neglecting a God-given talent. There were tremors in her very soul as glimmerings of this power, this ability to write, was making itself felt. And all nature, as viewed from her eyes, took on a cloak of beauty.

Before, she would rush to the spring for water, and only thoughts of the work in hand came to her. Now she invariably paused as different shades of vegetation met her gaze. The aromatic odor of bergamot and various herbs soothed her senses as poetic phrases rushed to her brain. After such experiences there was nearly always something burning or boiling over on the stove, or perhaps dinner was late. In a word, something seemed to go wrong about the house.

Marilie began to glimpse the struggle ahead.

At any cost, Jim and the children must not be neglected; on the other hand, she was determined to cling to a career of writing. One task must not suffer at the expense of the other.

But her own strength and ability to follow this straight line had not been figured on.

Story writing is very engrossing, and a pioneer life anywhere is a continual struggle. A gradual slighting of her home was the inevitable result. It showed itself first in the untidy appearance of the children. Jim was often annoyed by missing buttons. The house work no longer went like a clock. Jim was unusually patient, realizing the sacrifice Marilie had made in marrying him.

The true nature of existing conditions dawned upon her one day, as Betty was coming to the house with her father.

The window was up and she glanced out through the curtain in time to hear Betty remark, "Mother's been writing again."

The father placed an arm about her shoulders as he answered, "My poor little girl."

Marilie felt the blood rush to her temples. It was not so much what was said as the idea that they were suffering together, sympathizing together, while she was the cause of it all, and, therefore, not included.

So, came the determination to give up all thoughts of a career. But as time went on, this well-meant resolve weakened, and she found herself trying to eke out spare moments in which to set down the ideas which continued to fill her consciousness.

It was early in the spring, too early for any work to be done on the land. Jim and some neighbors were planning to hunt for

some of their stray horses. It would mean two or three days absence at least.

Marilie knew that here was an opportunity to go to her beloved writing. Besides a few chores to do nights and mornings, there was nothing rushing.

Betty and Danny had built a play house of cobble rocks in the coulee near by, and when the weather was favorable, spent much of their time there. They had chosen a dry place, but a considerable amount of mud almost surrounded it.

Marilie felt elated. She would write that story now with no fear of a disturbance.

For months it had loomed up like a spectre, staring at her from all angles. What a relief it would be to get it safely on paper, if only to rest in the bottom of her trunk.

Soon the story was being formed into written words, phrases, and sentences. They fairly leaped from her pencil point. Marilie almost wondered where they came from—surely not from her brain. Of course not; she was merely a medium, whereby a masterpiece was brought into being. Exultingly she wrote on and on, regardless of time. When her note book was full, she reached up on the shelf for some brown wrapping paper and continued. Her pencil broke, and not deigning to lose time, she tore the wood away from the lead with her fingers.

After a time Betty came in.

"Mother." No answer.

"Mother, listen. Danny won't keep his rubbers on. His feet are getting wet." Marilie looked in her little girl's direction, then went on writing.

Betty went out, but soon came in again.

"Mother, his feet are sopping wet." Still no answer; so she went back to play.

A half hour later, the story was completed. She placed it in the bottom of her trunk, then gazed defiantly across the room. She challenged her ghost.

Immediately afterwards, a brooding sense of something gone wrong overshadowed her. Where were the children? There was a faint memory of Betty's coming in, but what Betty wanted she could not remember.

Starting down the road she met them, Danny holding Betty's hand. She sighed with momentary relief. Betty pointed down at her brother's feet.

"O Danny, Danny," cried the mother.

"You wouldn't listen to me," accused the sister.

Marilie shot her a comprehending gaze, but said nothing.

Had not Danny been the "croupy kind" all might have been well. As it was, his mother knew what to expect.

Hurriedly she and Betty made preparations to get him into

a warm bed. But before this was accomplished, the tell-tale cough was heard. Before night had set in, Marilie felt inadequate to the occasion. Never had an attack been so intense.

Betty offered to ride the pony over to Belmont's ranch and get someone to go for the doctor; but a snow storm came up, increasing in its fury as the evening wore on. So the mother knew the fight must be made alone.

Valiantly the little girl stayed by her mother's side until persuaded to go to bed.

One by one the remedies were tried out. The croup simply would not loosen. How she prayed as she worked! "Of course, it's all my own fault," she moaned.

With the first signs of breaking day, her prayers were answered. The poor, little, nearly strangled fellow breathed more easily, and Marilie sensed that intense joy which verges on pain.

In the morning she felt like a reborn person; and the tormenting ghost, like an emissary of satan, knew when he had been worsted, and did not return.

The next few years bore record of a mother's faithful devotion in the Graham household. Prosperity came in time, and two girls and another boy were added to the happy family.

Frugality becomes a life-time habit, if kept up for a number of years. Betty had finished high school before a trip back to her Boston home was contemplated by Marilie.

It was finally decided that she should go unaccompanied by her husband, but should take the youngest boy.

Betty agreed to keep house for the summer, taking Mother's place to the best of her ability.

So for a month and a half, Marilie enjoyed the dear companionship of her now aging parents and old friends. At the end of this time, she was loath to leave; but her own hearthstone was calling, and she felt that she must go, even though all letters received reiterated the statement that all was well.

So she and little Bud again found themselves in a comfortable Pullman, once more bound for home.

At the little Canadian station Jim was impatiently awaiting the arrival of his wife and son.

When they rounded the last hill which brought the farm buildings into view, the sun was just slipping out of sight over the western horizon. How good it seemed to be back! At sight of the familiar place an exclamation escaped Marilie's lips.

"O, you've painted things up; and if I don't declare, you've built an addition to the house.

"Yes; thought we'd get it done while you were away," he tried to say it in a matter-of-fact way.

Marilie was plainly puzzled that it had all been done with no

helpful planning from her; but Jim would offer no further explanation.

Whole-heartedly the children welcomed her. After greetings were over, there was an expectant pause and Danny spoke, "Let's show her what we've done."

She was ushered into a modernly appointed sitting room and library combined. Somewhat bewildered, Marilie looked from one to another of her family.

"You see, Mother," Betty was explaining, "we all know and realize how you've sacrificed your girlhood dreams so that we might be properly cared for. We appreciate it: and after talking it all over, Daddy suggested that we fit up this room for your own private study, and we're to see that you have all the time you want to enjoy it and none can enter without your consent."

Deeply moved at this symbol of their gratitude, Marilie could not speak for a moment.

"Has it come too late, Mother?" queried Betty, mistaking the silence.

"Why, bless you, no, my darlings." She was smiling happily. "Maybe I'll have something worth while to write about now I've really lived."

Later, when the children were in bed and Jim had gone for a last nightly look around the stables, Marilie passed over to one of the windows in her study and stood gazing out at the flickering shadows of her prairie home. She was thinking, thinking especially of Betty's query:

"Has it come too late, Mother?"

Marilie knew that it really had come too late.

All down the years her very heart's blood had been given unstintingly for these she loved. It had been give, give, give. She had lived on an intellectual plane with them instead of growing mentally, as she had fully intended when the writing had been given up. Day by day, with no serious thought independent of their welfare, she had watched these young strangers growing up around her. Continually she excused herself for reading recreatively rather than educationally. Some time, some time, I'll study, she had promised herself. But always she was so busy; and when a few moments were snatched from the day's routine, it seemed so much more restful to read some light story, which would carry her away on wings from the usual happenings of her existence.

Now she felt spent, just a little weary. The fires of youthful ambition were burning low. Could the loss be made up? She knew, within her heart of hearts, that as her life had been spent in giving so manifoldly, she had received in return something far more precious. What it was she couldn't say; but, anyway, it had enriched her being, making it finer than it otherwise would

have been. Selfishness had no place in her make-up. Perhaps this accounted for the purity of her soul. No creative work on earth can be compared or purposely substituted for motherhood, no matter how opinions may differ on the question.

And so, with a thankful heart, Marilie decided that all was as it should be, and knew that, under such conditions, the purest of inspiration would aid her in all future attempts at a literary career.

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## Gratitude

*By Julia Collard Baker*

My dreams once held a swelling germ, of high ambitious flight:
And worldly Cynics smiled to note that kindling burst of light.
When whisked away by atheist's sneer, Faith made me understand.
That reaching upward I could hold that flame within my hand.

A flower I tended, watered, nursed, ah deep the joy that thrilled me;
Uprooted by the storms of night, memory and longing filled me
With hope of June, with perfume of the rose that blushed,
Shine of the sun that spoke to me, of winter winds now hushed.

A little singing bird I found of plumage strangely fair;
I pressed it close against my heart, with none its song would share:
Till gladdest music from its throat swelled out upon the air
And little children caught the song to heart, and held it there.

A child was laid upon my breast, on her with generous dower
Was lavished Faith, the wild rose's bloom, the Songster's magic power.
That radiant life was called above, by Heavenly mandate wise,
Which bade me rise and claim the light of service and sacrifice.

This day a rapture stirs my soul, nor from it would I flee—
The flame of hope, the wild rose scent, song of a bird in glee.
Dear God, I thank Thee for the right to Faith, and hope, and light,
And memory of the life that sleeps in peace within Thy sight.

# Pioneers

*By Lais V. Hales*

## "One Man's Life"—Herbert Quick

On the tenth of May, 1925, Herbert Quick, the great novelist of the Middle West, died suddenly. Only a few days before his death he had arranged with "The Saturday Evening Post" to publish in installments his autobiography entitled "One Man's Life." This autobiography has since been published in book form and is a lasting monument to the pioneer life of Iowa. It was begun on the author's sixty-third birthday and tells the story of pioneer days in Iowa as seen by a small boy, a farmer, a teacher, a lawyer, an editor, and a novelist, all of which Mr. Quick successively became during his lifetime.

Early in the Spring of 1857 his parents set out for a new and different world. They turned toward the west and soon gazed with dazzled eyes "sheltered under the cupped hands of toil, out over a vast sea of grassy hillocks." These limitless, treeless wastes were the feared and loved prairies of Iowa and it was here that Mr. Quick was born and lived. He lived with the prairie in all her different moods. He saw it struggle with fierce storms, watched the plow destroy it, helped destroy its winding trails, and finally saw it conquered by the great steel engines. This prairie land which was like nothing else in the whole wide world, he came to love. He fished in its small, clear pools fringed by tall grasses. He came to know intimately its animal and vegetable life. Many times he witnessed the great prairie fires in all their terror and beauty and exulted in the new green life that sprang up soon after the fire was gone. He saw this prairie an unending sheet of snow in winter and knew of the great cold waves and blizzards which swept over it, freezing people to death in their beds and destroying their livestock. He watched the unbroken sky-line and clear pools disappear and tall groves of trees, plowed fields, farmsteads, and towns take their place and he felt that a thing of great wonder and beauty was passing away forever. This Iowa prairie Mr. Quick has preserved faithfully and sympathetically for us in his autobiography. He has honestly pictured it as it appeared to our weary pioneers as they looked out over its limitless stretch and thought of the homes they had left. About Mr. Quick's prairie there is beauty, mystery, cruelty, and wonder. Almost classic is Mr. Quick's description of the "chronicle of the wheat," a thing always so intimately connected with the life of the pioneer. For many years, after the first honk of the wild geese in spring, he helped clean and sow the seed wheat. He watched the sprouting of the seed, the young shoots looking like "the points of bright green nails driven up from

below." He saw the wheat grow to maturity and helped to harvest it. Over it all he many times shed tears of pure delight. But a time came when it no longer stood clean and green in the field. Now it was spotted and black with rust. The poetry was all gone out of it. And he watched the farmer, in his ignorance and helplessness, sow the sick wheat year after year, reaping no harvest, until he had spread the disease far and wide over the fertile ground. Not until years later did he see fields of waving corn where the wheat had once stood in all its glory.

How well has Mr. Quick expressed the "weariness" of the home-loving pioneer woman with but one desire—that of a roof over her head. The meagreness of her life, her delight in small pleasures he sympathetically shows us. In this age of books and magazines almost to the point of satiety, it is difficult for us to understand the time the pioneer woman spent in solitude—mental solitude. This tragic phase of pioneer life Mr. Quick witnessed in his mother and the women with whom she associated.

As we read the book we feel the delight that its author derived from writing it. His fine, cheerful personality colors every sentence. Even his tragic youth, marred by infantile paralysis, from which he never wholly recovered, he cheerfully recalls. There is about the book the wholesomeness of the prairie where he lived and worked out his life. He was warmly interested in anything which touched the pioneer and he tells us of their lives in a very companionable honest way. We feel his utter honesty and sympathy with his subject and know that we can here find an authentic description of the early life of Iowa. He has preserved in "One Man's Life" for all time something very fine which has passed away forever.

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## Pastoral

*By Carrie Tanner*

Ah beautiful! when calm of coming evening spreads o'er summer fields,
And cool deep shadows fall on western hills,
Enhancing there dear Nature's dress of flowered green,
While on and on low sounds the uncomplaining murmur of the rills.
Then clouds like whitest carded wool 'gainst heaven's blue lie soft at rest.
Ah beautiful!

The tinkling bell, the sleek and shining kine then homeward leads
Through gentle waves of damp'ning grasses cool,
Of meadows—velvet like—around the spring's deep, quiet pool.
The sheep 'neath shelt'ring shed lie cozy in their fold—
A picture of sweet innocence and perfect peace.
Ah beautiful!

# Notes from the Field

*By Amy Brown Lyman*

*Cache and Logan Stakes.*

Cache and Logan stakes joined in decorating a float, called "The Desert Blossomed as the Rose," which won first prize in a parade held in Logan, on July 24. The float contained over

fifteen thousand sweet peas, fifteen dozen gladioli, eight dozen blue delphinium, $10 worth of moss, and hundreds of yellow and lavender flowers. Only fresh flowers and greenery were used.

*Organizations and Reorganizations.*

Following is a list of organizations and reorganizations of stake and mission Relief Societies which occurred during the six months between the April and October conferences, 1928. The presidents and their co-workers who have received honorable releases, have also received grateful appreciation for the services they have so nobly rendered the organization.

*Alpine Stake* was divided July 1, 1928, into Alpine, Lehi and Timpanogos stakes. Mrs. Eliza Buckwalter was released as president, and new officers were appointed as follows: *Alpine stake*, Mrs. Maude D. Christensen, president; Mrs. Laura Dunkley and Mrs. Lillie Wilde, counselors; Mrs. Mary E. Abel retained as

secretary; *Lehi stake,* Mrs. Mina Webb, president; Mrs. Olena Goodwin and Mrs. Clara Webb, counselors; Mrs. Emma Phillips, secretary: *Timpanogos stake,* Mrs. Ella M. Cragun, president; Mrs. Kate Jacobs and Mrs. Cora Atwood, counselors, and Mrs. Jennie W. Johnson, secretary.

*Ensign Stake* was reorganized September 25, 1928, when Mrs. Luacine S. Clark was released as president, and Mrs. Alice Bitner Castleton was appointed president, with Mrs. Lucile B. Taylor and Mrs. Ida P. Weiler as counselors, and Mrs. Inga H. Wells, secretary.

*Oquirrh Stake* was reorganized August 19, 1928; Mrs. Emma S. Jacobs, released; Mrs. Marie Tygesen appointed president; Mrs. Matilda Green and Mrs. Mary Ann Jones, counselors; Mrs. Annie B. Peterson, retained as secretary.

*Snowflake Stake* was reorganized August 26, 1928; Mrs. Ann S. Shumway released; Mrs. Leonora S. Rogers appointed president; Mrs. Lulu J. Smith and Mrs. Lydia S. Peterson retained as counselors, and Mrs. Pearl N. Fish retained as secretary.

*South Sevier Stake* was reorganized in July, 1928, when Mrs. Nina A. Hansen was released and Mrs. Ada Anderson was appointed president; Mrs. Annetta Christensen and Mrs. Ada Bateman, counselors; Mrs. Clara Kotter retained as secretary.

*Teton Stake* was reorganized July, 1928; Mrs. Mary A. Nelson released, Mrs. Ada Fairbanks appointed president; Mrs. Florence Davidson and Mrs. Isabell Paul were appointed counselors, and Mrs. Sadie Love, secretary.

*Eastern States Mission* was reorganized in August, 1928; Miss Lola R. Bradford, released, and Miss Olita Melville appointed president.

*French Mission* was reorganized in September, 1928; Mrs. Venus R. Rossiter, released; her successor has not yet been appointed.

*New Zealand Mission* was reorganized April, 1928, when Mrs. Cora. S. Jenkins was released and Mrs. Jennie Magleby was appointed president.

*Swiss-German Mission* was reorganized in 1928, when Mrs. Sarah R. Cannon was released and Mrs. Eliza W. Tadje was appointed president.

*Western States Mission* was reorganized in April, 1928, when Mrs. Florence R. Knight was released and Mrs. Elias S. Woodruff was appointed president.

*Summer Outings for Children.*

Through the cooperation of the General Board with a number of stake Relief Societies and with other organizations, seventy-one children from Salt Lake City, needing fresh air and sunshine and good food, were given an opportunity to spend some time in

the country during the summer school vacation. Sixteen children went to North Davis stake, twenty-five to Franklin and Oneida stakes, eight to Kolob stake, and four to South Davis stake. Eight boys went to the Boys Camp at Mueller Park, through the courtesy of the Exchange Club, and ten extremely underweight children, possible tuberculosis contacts, were taken by the Utah Public Health Association to the health camp in Big Cottonwood Canyon for six weeks. All the children returned home in greatly improved condition.

## SUMMER ACTIVITIES

*Juarez Stake.*

The Relief Society women of Juarez stake were greatly favored during the summer by attending a course of special lectures given under the auspices of the stake for class teachers, by Dr. Amos N. Merrill of the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. Among the subjects discussed were "The Relief Society, Its Place and Function in the Church." "The Role of Women in the March of Human Progress," and "Methods of Attacking Local Problems."

*North Davis Stake.*

Among the topics discussed in the ward conferences which were held during the summer in North Davis stake were the following: "What does it mean to sustain a ward officer?" "What the Relief Society does for its Members," "What is Relief Work?" and "How do the Ward Relief Societies Cooperate with the Bishopric in Relief Work?"

*Carbon Stake.*

The Carbon stake has conducted a campaign during the summer among the various wards in the interest of civic pride, the slogan being "Beautify Back Yards." Castle Gate ward received the cash prize for having conducted the most effective campaign. The members of the stake board were hostesses to the class leaders and executive officers of the fourteen wards of the stake at the annual convention held in the tabernacle at Price, Utah, on August 28. A luncheon and exhibit of needlework, fruits, vegetables and flowers were held in connection with the convention.

*Bear River Stake.*

The Bear River stake held a semi-centennial review during the summer, which was adapted by Mrs. Della Marriott from the Relief Society Review, (written by Claire Stewart Boyer and presented by the Salt Lake county stakes last April) for the celebration, making a complete history of the Relief Society work in Box Elder, Malad and Bear River stakes. The Bear River stake grew out of the Box Elder and Malad stakes, which joined with

the Bear River stake in celebrating the semi-centennial. The review also included the history of the Lamanite Relief Society at Washakie.

In connection with the class leaders' convention which was held early in September, an exhibition of summer work and a flower display were held.

*Big Horn Stake.*

The Big Horn stake board met in May and outlined the following summer program which was used successfully by the wards during the summer:

July 3, Testimony, subject, Temple Work; July 10, Pioneer Days in the Big Horn; July 17, Better Films; July 24, Folk songs and dances; July 31, One-Act Play; August 7, Testimony, subject, the M. I. A. Slogan; August 14, Art in the Home; August 21, Open-Air Social, the Priesthood as guests; August 28, One-Act Play; September 4, Testimony, subject Signs of the Times; September 11, Sketches of Lives of Political Candidates; September 18, Demonstration of Table and Food Decorations; September 25, One-Act Play.

For the year 1927, the attendance of the Big Horn stake Relief Society at regular meetings was about 8% below the general average of the Relief Societies of the Church. In order to raise the standard, an attendance contest was arranged between the wards to be on the percentage basis. It was agreed that at the end of the year the winning ward should be entertained by the ward having the lowest average. To date, the attendance has increased over 17%. Records are being sent to the wards listing their standing in the stake in attendance at regular meetings, at officers' and prayer meetings, the percentage of teachers' visits made and the general activities each month. This is a splendid way of checking up and has kept up the interest in the contest.

In April, Miss Elsie Witchen, a representative of the United States Children's Bureau, gave a series of lectures in Big Horn County, followed up by children's clinics, the Relief Societies cooperating. The clinics were held in four different towns, examining two hundred eighty-five children. Of this number twenty-one had rickets; one hundred sixteen were under weight and two hundred thirty-seven defective. It was something of a shock to find so many physical defects, and steps have already been taken to overcome this condition.

Seven flower shows have been held in the stake during the summer, showing the increased interest in careful planting, selection and display of flowers, and greater abundance. The aim next year is a shrub for every family.

During the month of September, class leaders and teachers conventions were held. The stake was divided into two groups for these conventions, one group meeting at Burlington and one at Lovell.

# Guide Lessons for January

## LESSON I

(First Week in January)

## THE NEW COURSE

A number of appeals have been made from the field to have the course of study begin after the summer vacation. As a result the executive committee took the matter under advisement and decided to outline a course for six months beginning in January and ending in June, the course for the following year to begin in October when work resumes after the summer vacation. The three courses presented will be: first, one in practical religion; secondly, one in modern drama and, thirdly, a continuation of the lessons in social service. The course in practical religion will consist of lessons on the following subjects: conscience, purity, honesty, temperance, industry, loyalty. The course in literature will consist of six modern plays, each emphasizing a social problem of a nature that we trust will be interesting to Relief Society members. These dramas are: *Nowadays*, by George Middleton; *The Devil's Disciple*, by George Bernard Shaw; *He and She*, by Rachel Crothers; *What Every Woman Knows*, by James Matthew Barrie; *Joseph and His Brethren*, by Louis N. Parker; and *The Doll's House*, by Henrik Ibsen. The social service lessons, which during the past year have been devoted to a course in child-study, will resume lessons on the same subject. The books containing the dramas will be for sale at the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. A price list will be published, by the magazine, as soon as the books are received by the Deseret Book Company.

## EVERY DAY ETHICS AND PRACTICAL RELIGION AND TESTIMONY

A series of six lessons will be presented under this title.

The major objective of the lessons as a whole is to increase an interest in a thoughtful search for the right, in a judicious choice of the right, and in acting right for the love of right itself as well as for the love of others and ourselves. At the same time we shall keep in view the fact that as the mariner's compass must constantly be adjusted by observa-

tions of the upper deep, so human standards of conduct must be tested by divine standards of righteousness.

Ethics and theology must be pursued as separate studies, one dealing with doctrines and creeds and the other dealing with codes of conduct; but in life each becomes the complement of the other, one emphasizing duty to God, and the other placing emphasis on duty to humanity.

When Joseph the Egyptian slave plead for purity he made his plea in the name of ethics (faithfulness to his master), and in the name of religion (faithfulness to his God.) Gen. 39:9.

The Decalogue begins with Theology and ends with Ethics.

The Sermon on the Mount combines theology and ethics, making of two laws one complete law providing for the salvation of man. The love of God and the love of man, operating together, create a condition productive of eternal life.

The first of the thirteen articles of our faith is purely theological; the last one is sweepingly ethical.

Through skepticism and arrogance a person may be led to deny the existence of God; but nothing short of depravity or despair can bring one to a denial of the existence of goodness.

## CONSCIENCE

Conscience is our ethical judgment resulting from our knowledge, our mental certainty as to what is right and what is wrong.

The race-conscience was born in the Garden of Eden. Its birthday was the date of the fall; up to that time it could consistently be said of the human family, consisting of one couple, as it can still be said of every child, that it is neither moral nor immoral; it is merely non-moral, having no knowledge of good and evil from which to make moral judgment; it is innocent, though not necessarily harmless.

Ethical experience brought into existence a moral responsibility which has increased just to the extent that the light of moral truth has been reflected on the mind of mankind; always and ever bright in spots and dim in places.

In the main, the difference between the conscience of a cruel race of savages and the conscience of a kind and cultured people is a difference in moral intelligence. Crime is evidence of moral decay; habitual criminals, no matter how physically perfect and intellectually strong they may be, are moral cripples, and the danger of trusting each to carry loads of ethical responsibility becomes at once apparent.

Since the conscience of the individual, in its birth and development, follows the course of the race conscience, it is governed by the same laws.

We shall consider seven of the laws governing the conscience. And this examination may help in the every day living of a life that is full of material for character growth, the highest aim of learning.

1. **Personal Interest Clouds Conscience:** Nations are loath to sign a compact, much less to give a bond, that they will not justify in themselves what they condemn in others. It is quite impossible for parents to see the faults of their own children as clearly as they see the faults of the children of their neighbors. Not many guests can see the hypocrisy of a host as clearly as did Jesus at the feast given by the Pharisee. Even in our dealings with the Lord our ethical vision is sometimes dimmed by the dust of dollars.

The "conscientious" payment of tithing might be modified by putting it to the test recommended by Elder James E. Talmage at a general conference. The suggestion was to this effect: Calculate our income to be tithed as though we were going to receive a ten per cent dividend on it at the tithing office.

In ethics this personal interest is called bias, and this law governing the influence of self interest is sometimes stated thus: **Bias bends moral judgment.**

2. **Prejudice Pushes Conscience.** "Away with the Indian." "The only good Indians are dead ones." These expressions indicate the state of mind that would precede the conscientious persecution and even the killing of the red man. Here the ethical judgment is pushed from an upright attitude by what is known as prejudice, or pre-judgment. A recognition of this law of conscience has led to an almost excessive demand concerning the qualifications of jurors. The formation of an opinion or pre-judgment on the case disqualifies a person as a juror.

When Jesus said, "Judge not," he warned against prejudice. And when he declared that men would kill his disciples and think they were doing God's service, he evidently had in mind the power of prejudice in pushing the conscience to a low level.

3. **Indulgence Enervates Conscience.** Few men are more often quoted than Pope, and few of his statements are more frequently repeated than the following:

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Indulgence is any form of vice; it is to the conscience what hacking on a rock is to a keen knife blade; it dulls if it does not ruin.

4. **Custom Controls Conscience.** As a rule it is considered right to do what everybody is doing; and sooner or later, with rare exceptions, the conscience of the individual, conforms to the conscience of the group whether it be in matters of fashion, business, religion, or recreation. Individual ideality is always affected consciously or unconsciously by the quality of the ideals held up by popular sentiment and community conduct. The problem of keeping the good individual conscience from being swallowed up by a bad community conscience brings us to another law of conscience.

5. **Law Lifts Conscience.** Law as a rule is the crystallization of the ideality of the best members of society. Law represents ideas as well as emotions. It is the product of deliberation as well as of desires. It calls for a conscience that cuts and cuts deeply when wrong attempts to invade the sacred citadel of right. The Greeks were wont to say: "Hitch your chariots to the stars and let the Gods pull you."

We may consistently say: "Fasten your conduct to the law and let the right lift you."

When we speak of law we mean good law, law tested by the affirmative answer to the question: Will the world be made better by this law being obeyed.

6. **Education Elevates the Conscience.** The culture of conscience leads to a condition where wrong-doing is accompanied with so much mental pain that evil will not be indulged in, a condition in which the doing of right will be accompanied with so much pleasure that it dominates our desires and absorbs our efforts.

It has been said, "Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise."

In the light of our theology we are committed to saying; ethically, "Where there is opportunity to learn, it is unethical to be ignorant; where a cultivated conscience is attainable, it is wrong to have a crude one."

The trustworthiness of conscience depends upon the information behind it. Conscience is one's best guide; but that "best" may be very poor. Conscience must be followed, but it is not infallible; our inner right may be an outer wrong. Our moral judgment should be questioned always when it conflicts with recognized superior intelligence or authority. How quickly Saul questioned his ethical judgment when he

found who Jesus was. With him then it was, not what his conscience would have him do but what Jesus would have him do.

If children should be trained in the intelligent revision of conscience to make it fit in with parental conscience or ethical judgment, many a heart ache would be prevented.

7. **Passion Paralyzes Conscience.** The first criminal pleaded greed and anger as excuses for his crime, but the excuses were not accepted. If at the moment of his infamous act his conscience was paralyzed, he was responsible for its inertness. The over-urge of appetite, the allurements of ultra ambition, the fires of jealousy, the earthquakes of anger—each strikes with paralyzing power at the conscience. Conscience needs and deserves the shelter of self control; character building must fortify against brain storms.

## Questions and Problems

1. Illustrate the distinction between religion and ethics.
2. Which of the ten commandments are in the main theological? which are mostly or wholly ethical?
3. Which part of the Lord's Prayer is strikingly ethical?
4. Show the ethical elements of the thirteen articles of Latter-day Saint faith?
5. What is conscience?
6. State seven of the laws governing conscience.
7. When should we question our conscience?
8. To what extent may we be justly held accountable for the mistakes we make in following our conscience?
9. Illustrate from your own observation the seventh law of conscience mentioned in this lesson.
10. State the procedure suggested for obtaining an unbiased ethical judgment as to what amount we should pay tithing on.

## LESSON II

## Work and Business

(Second Week in January)

### TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JANUARY—ACTIVITIES OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY

Purposes of the Work of the Visiting Teacher

I. To be a representative of the unfortunate and sorrowful.

At the second meeting of the first Relief Society, the mother of the Prophet Joseph Smith so touched the hearts of the members of the society that they contributed their jewelry that it might be sold to aid the poor. There was then need for some one to seek out the sorrowing and distressed; for the members asked, How can we know who is in need? Thus it was that the visiting teacher was singled out to be a representative of the poor.

II. To be a representative of the Relief Society and its officers.

Visiting teachers are authorized to carry messages in behalf of the Relief Society. They thus become the representatives of the organization and the officers of the organization.

III. To be the servant of those who give relief to the needy.

People contributing to teachers for charity relief give through the organization, not to it. So the teacher serves the giver by making his contribution valuable; first, by seeking out the poor who are in need; secondly, by causing the money to be pooled that there may be enough to do real good.

IV. To be a friend having charitable and watchful care over the families in her district.

It is her business to know the condition of the families in her visiting district. If they are stricken with illness, or if death occurs in the family, or if there is necessity for furnishing food, clothing, or any of the other necessities of life, she should know these wants, in order that they may be communicated to the ward president.

V. To carry the special message provided by the General Board.

The teacher stands ready to carry any special message to the people. It may come from her ward president; it may be from the General Board. For a number of years the General Board has furnished a special message under the caption of the Teachers' Topic.

## LESSON III

# Literature

(Third Week in January)

### BIOGRAPHY

George Middleton, the son of George and Ida V. Middleton, was born in Patterson, New Jersey, October 27, 1880. He received his B. A. degree from Columbia University in 1902. In October, 1911, he married Miss Fola LaFollette of Madison, Wisconsin.

Mr. Middleton is the author of the following plays: "The Cavalier," 1902; "The Wife's Strategy," 1905; "The Sinner," 1907; "The House of a Thousand Candles," 1908; "Rosalind at Red Gate," 1910; "The Enemy," 1911; "The Prodigal Judge," 1913; "Criminals," 1914; "Hit-the-Trail-Holliday," 1915; "Collusion," 1916; "Polly with a Past," 1917; "The Cave Girl," 1919; "Adam and Eva," 1919; "The Light of the World," 1920; "Cercle," 1922; "The Unknown Lady," 1923; "The Other Rose," 1923; "The Road Together," 1924; "Accused," 1925; "Blood Money," 1927. These plays have been produced throughout the United States. Mr. Middleton is also the author of a number of one-act plays produced at various little theatres.

Some of Mr. Middleton's best books are: *Nowadays, Embers, Tradition, Possession, The Road Together,* and *Masks.*

Mr. Middleton is a frequent contributor to magazines on subjects relating to drama and literature. He has been literary editor of *LaFollette's Weekly* since 1912. At the present time he is president of the Dramatists' Guild of Authors' League of America.

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### NOWADAYS—BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

The plot of *Nowadays* centers around Diana Dawson, the daughter of a family consisting of a father, a mother, a son and Diana. The play opens at the Christmas Season. In the home Mrs. Dawson, assisted by Nellie, the maid, is putting the Christmas decorations in place when she is interrupted by the entrance of her daughter who has been in New York for two years struggling to satisfy a soul's craving to become a sculptor. Mr. Dawson, who is a conservative, thinks Diana should stay at home and assist her mother. The mother, on the contrary, who had the same yearning as a young woman to express herself in art, is not only in favor of Diana working in New York, but has gone one step further by supplying her with financial help her father refuses to give her because she is a daughter. Mrs. Dawson is dressing paper dolls and painting their clothes with an elegance

that gives them market value. The money obtained is sent to Diana to assist her in her work.

The editor of the town paper is Peter Rowe, a man who has recognized Diana's talent and has encouraged her to realize her gift. They are good friends and Diana takes advantage of this fact to have Peter see that her baggage is brought to her home safely. Before he arrives she has had a conversation with her father, who believes that she has given up her foolish notion of living in New York and has come home to stay. She assures him that she has not and surprises him by telling him that after all, he has had something to do with her desire to seek a center where she can study. The following dialogue takes place:

Diana (Not taking him too seriously): Why, daddy, how could I stay at home when it was you who made me go?

Dawson (Bewildered): Me?

Diana (Whimsically): Yes. You and the turtle.

Dawson: The turtle?

Sam: She's crazy, all right.

Diana (Fancifully throughout): Yes, the dear, dear turtle. I've laughed so many times when I think of what little things determine our lives. Do you remember that day—long ago—when I was a real little lady, and Sammy wasn't such a gentleman? Of course you don't. Nellie was sick and mother had taken Sammy to the dentist for something and you had to stay home and take care of me. You ought to remember that day: you said you had such a headache when it was over. You were so happy taking a woman's place that you fell asleep from exhaustion. That was my chance. Destiny opened the door and I went out into the garden. It was all flowers and mud. And, daddy, there on the path I saw a turtle: a poor, lonely little turtle; oh, so lonely I felt sorry for it—because you had mother and Sammy and me, and the little turtle hadn't anybody. Somehow I wanted the turtle to have some little turtles so she wouldn't be so lonely. You see, you ought to have told me where turtles and babies came from.

Later Peter Rowe puts in an appearance much to Diana's delight. Peter is patiently waiting for a moment when he can be alone with Diana, for he has something of importance to say to her.

Diana: Why don't you come to New York?

Peter: People see nothing but electric lights there. Here occasionally we can see the stars.

Diana (Going to him): What's the *real* reason you won't come?

Peter (Eyeing her): Some day, when you're a great success, I'll tell you.

Diana: I'll wager you won't even then. But I've half a mind to be a success just for *that.*

Peter: I'll wait.

Diana: Won't you tell me now? (He shakes his head.) Won't you tell me a wee little bit of something now?

Peter: Yes, Diana. One of the reasons I drove out—I almost forgot it, seeing you again. Come to the window. (He pulls aside the curtain.) Look across the lake. See it in the moonlight, three miles across? That's gone up since you went away.

Diana: The dome of the new capitol?

Peter: Yes. The architect had a sense of humor. Made it so beautiful every time even I pass it I feel like taking off my hat and praying. Tough on the politicians.

Diana: Do you feel as though you were praying when you see something beautiful?

Peter: Yes; but I do a heap of cussing.

Diana (Mock seriously): Father's terra-cotta has damns written all over it.

Peter (Pointing): There's a vacant pedestal in front of the approach—like an altar. And a statue is to go on it.

Diana: A statue? Is this where I come in?

Peter: You've got me. It's to be symbolic.

Diana: Something everybody will disagree about?

Peter: Yesterday "The Times" heard they'd decided to have an open competition; secret of course, you know. I thought it would be a fine thing for this burg if "the female of the species"—

Diana (Joyfully): Oh, Peter, wouldn't it be a joke if—

Peter (Quickly): An awful joke on your father.

Diana: But wouldn't mother be happy!

Peter: By the way, it was her old friend, Oliver Hardman, who told me. He's coming out to see her tomorrow, he said. But you mustn't tell him your intentions because he's been appointed on the Legislative Committee as judge. He's down to get a line on it. I pumped him a bit. I know what he thinks appropriate.

Diana: What?

Peter: Something they can call "Democracy." No relation to any of our present parties.

Diana (With a flash, glancing at the newspaper Mrs. Dawson has left on the table): "Democracy! (She gazes rapt before her.) I've got it now. I see it, don't you?

Peter: Never have yet in this country.

Diana: That's it!

Peter: Put me wise.

Diana: Oh, I won't tell even you till I see if there's room for it. (Significantly. But it's got a *woman* in it.

Mrs. Dawson wishes to return to New York with her daughter and share her attic that is located up five flights of stairs. She tries to explain to her husband that having made a fortune they should go into the city where, with Diana, they may enjoy the art of New York, but her husband does not see things that way. It has never entered his mind that his wife's housekeeping has grown monotonous and wearisome throughout the years. Much to his surprise she takes a firm stand and goes with her daughter, leaving her husband at home with his son and wife and a baby that apparently is born during her absence. Every week Mrs. Dawson writes to her husband urging him to come to her but he stubbornly refuses. After an interval of months Mrs. Dawson receives a reply to one of her letters in which Mr. Dawson says:

"Belle, I am coming to see you. You are as stubborn as I am."

Mrs. Dawson: "I wonder if your father knows I just couldn't touch his check."

Diana: "Of course he knows."

Mrs. Dawson (Going to her drawer and taking out a legal document): Every time I need a good laugh I look at the statement he drew up when I came here with you. (Reading) Bill of Service. One wife at $25.00 a month for twenty-five years—exclusive of gifts for clothes, food and masculine protection, $7,500, deposited to Belle Dawson's credit for whims, foolishness, and Paris.

Into this somewhat embarrassing situation Mr. Hardman comes, who receives the following greeting from Diana:

Diana: If ever you want to find out your real friends live up five flights of stairs without an elevator.

During the winter Mrs. Dawson has enjoyed her daughter very much. Diana has completed her design for the capitol building and submitted it to the committee. The presence of Mr. Hardman, who is a member of the committee, brings to mind the statue, so Mrs. Dawson very naturally asks about the decision of the committee. Mr. Hardman, enjoying the mother's eagerness, says:

I have two surprises for you, Diana.

And then he remarks,

You have won.

The news is so overwhelming that Diana doubts it, but the

mother, getting the full significance of Mr. Hardman's remarks, exclaims:

Dearest, you've won, you've won! Oh, my girl, I knew it. I knew it!

Diana weeps for joy and Hardman, placing his hand on Mrs. Dawson, says tenderly,

Let her.

When Diana has regained some of her self-possession she says:

Forgive me for seeming like a foolish girl.

The mother talks of what this success will mean to her daughter and says that she, too, has great satisfaction for, says she:

I haven't failed in my motherhood. You are beautiful all through. I'm so happy you have what has passed me by, so happy.

Mr. Hardman (Tenderly): Belle, I'd give up all my position and reputation to be able to talk like that to a daughter of my own.

Mrs. Dawson: You've missed something, too?

Mr. Hardman: A great deal. Did you ever notice how everybody in the world is wanting something the other fellow has?

Diana: The statue seems so unimportant all of a sudden.

Mrs. Dawson: There now. I've robbed you of the joy of success.

Diana: No. Only how can any artist in the world ever create more beauty than life itself makes?

Mr. Hardman: If you feel that, you know the first great secret of success.

Then comes Diana's second surprise which is a visit from Peter Rowe. As Hardman opens the door Peter exclaims, Diana. He stands looking only at her as she takes his hand at the same time repeating his name. Finally Mrs. Dawson remarks:

I'm here, too, Peter.

The conversation drifts on and Diana, knowing Peter's devotion to her and realizing that he has not proposed because he feels that he cannot provide adequately for her, breaks into the situation by telling him that with a prize of $25,000 she can pay for the marble for the statue and yet there will be sufficient left for them to live in Paris as husband and wife and that it will give him time to complete his novel. She confesses to him that she got the idea for the statue while talking with him. Yes. Democracy. I got the thought that day when you were by my side. It was the result of all we had talked over. I tried to catch it in marble. A man and a woman marching side by side, step by step. I've broken away from the old form that made man lead far ahead with the woman trailing behind.

Peter: You put them on the same line.
Diana: Both looking far ahead.
Peter: With hope in their eyes.
Diana: Yet as I modeled them both, I felt they were not complete without—without—
Peter: The child.
Diana: See how it's carried between them. Not the mother alone, but the father, too, holding the little hands as they climb up the incline—.
Peter: Together.
Diana: Together.
Peter: It's wonderful.

Diana: Peter, doesn't that tell you all my heart is asking? Shall I be kept from my right to that because you haven't a lot of money when I have enough now to start our lives together? What right had you to be silent when it concerned my life, too? Shall you and I waste our years of youth because you wouldn't speak? Peter, we belong to each other. I want you. I love you.

Then they tell the mother they have become engaged. They wish her to accompany them to Paris but she replies: I stayed by, waiting till you two were ready, I didn't know when you'd fix it up. You were both so foolish about it. I knew I'd have to lose you, Diana. I've gone as far as a mother can go with her girl. It will come to you both, some day. I've held on longer than most mothers.

Betty has come along with Peter Rowe to New York. Mrs. Dawson hunts her up and learns from her that Sam has left her, and that she needs help with the baby. Mrs. Dawson realizes that there is work for her to do in helping to rear her son's child. Betty says if she can only grow to be like Diana she will be perfectly happy, but that she cannot do the job herself, that she needs Mrs. Dawson to assist her. At that moment Mr. Dawson knocks at the door. As he enters he says: You win, Belle. We're going to Paris. To which Mrs. Dawson replies, smiling sweetly, You and I are going back home, Will."

### *Problems Presented in the Play*

Women are justified in developing their God-given talents provided they recognize their righteous obligations toward their family and their home.

The playwright's business is to present the problem, not to solve it. If he presents his problem adequately and artistically he may be said to be successful. He is under no obligation to answer or solve the problem. That is the business of society to whom he appeals.

*Questions*

1. What periods of a woman's life, provided she marries, are freest to do work apart from her home or outside of her home.

2. Name some women you know of who have made worthwhile contributions to life in one way or another before marriage.

3. Name some women who have made noted contributions to life in one way or another, after marriage.

4. In what ways have modern inventions assisted women in having more time to develop their talents, or give service apart from or out of the home?

5. Do you think that nowadays a woman can rear her family, take care of her husband, and develop the talents with which God has blessed her for the development of herself and the betterment of the world? If so, why? If not, why?

6. Discuss any phase of this play that appeals to you as being worthy of discussion.

## LESSON IV

## Social Service

(Fourth Week in January)

### THE CHILD-STUDY COURSE

Lesson 10. Prevalence and Treatment of Sense Defects.
(Based on Chapter XI, The Child: His Nature and His Needs.)

In the last lesson we considered the general principles of mental hygiene as they apply to the child. In the present lesson we are going to see how mental health and progress in school are dependent upon normal vision, proper hearing, sound teeth, right posture, correct diet, etc.

This excellent chapter, in many ways the best one in the text, is written by Dr. C. E. A. Winslow, Professor of Public Health, at Yale University, one of the most eminent authorities in the United States. The author's main point is summed up in the apt phrase: "By taking thought a man cannot add a cubit to his stature, but he can add pounds to his child's weight."

*A. Defective Vision and Hearing.*

Of the physical defects which rendered more than forty per-cent of the drafted men unfit for military service during the late war, visual and auditory handicaps were among the most numerous.

It is significant, too, that these two defects correspond to the two main senses by which the human being deals with, and makes successful or unsuccessful adjustment to the world about him.

One of the marvels of our civilization is the extent to which permanent defects of vision can be overcome by the proper use of lenses, in the form of spectacles. It is probably safe to estimate that among literate people, about five percent of all children, and twenty-five percent of adults wear glasses. The school boy is no longer regarded as a "sissy," merely because he wears glasses. Only a false pride—usually on the part of the mother—would now deter a child from wearing properly fitted glasses, should he need them.

It is definitely known that much of the child's school retardation, especially failure to read, can be traced to uncorrected eye difficulties. The same can be said of hearing. Many a child loses interest in school, gets discouraged, runs away, and finally becomes delinquent because in the beginning he could not hear the teacher and the other children clearly. While defective hearing is less responsive to correction than is defective vision, yet it is amazing what can be done by intelligent parents and teachers, if the child's defect is discovered in time.

It might be of interest to our readers to know that one of our Latter-day Saint scholars, Dr. Harvey Fletcher, now with the Western Electric Company, New York City, has recently gained national eminence through his invention of the audiometer, a device by which the hearing of school children can be accurately determined in a very simple, reliable way. The device was commented on favorably in the columns of the *Literary Digest* several months ago. It has been installed in the public schools of Salt Lake City.

### *Questions*

1. To what extent are scarlet fever, and the other children's diseases the cause of deafness and ear trouble in children? What is significant about this fact, for the prevention of deafness?

2. Why, until recently, was a school boy wearing glasses dubbed a "sissy?"

3. Can you cite local examples of school failure and character mal-development due to eye or ear defects?

4. How many children in your community are too blind, or too deaf to attend public school? What is the theory and practice of the State School at Ogden, in the education and training of deaf and blind children?

5. Does your school systematically examine children for eye and ear troubles? If not, why not?

### *B. Other Physical Handicaps.*

In an age of soft foods and excessive sweets, it is imperative that the child's teeth be kept clean and free from decay. Regular brushing and periodical dental examinations are the best preventive measures known. While the school can do much to help children in the regular use of the tooth brush by means of tooth brush drills, lessons in hygiene, etc., the primary responsibility must rest upon the parents. They can do much by reward and encouragement, by furnishing the child with an appropriate tooth brush and dentifrice, to be kept in a proper place and used with religious regularity.

Decayed teeth are like diseased tonsils and adenoids: they are the source of an infection which pours a toxic poison into the blood stream. The ultimate effect of this poisonous substance is to lower the threshold of physical and mental resistance, thus increasing fatigue and making learning difficult. It is axiomatic that healthy minds exist in healthy bodies. Character, morality, mental health, and will power are dependent upon physical health.

One of the most interesting post-war health movements has as its objective a reduction in morbidity and morality due to heart disease. In many of our cities, notably Chicago, Cardiac Societies, as they are called, have undertaken to educate public sentiment in regard to the nature, causation, and treatment of cardiac disorders. In many school centers, they have gone so far as to finance special classes for children with weak hearts and to work out a diet, a curriculum, and a scheme of recreation adapted to the needs of children who cannot, at least during their tender years, engage in strenuous, competitive activities of the average school and play ground. These experiments have already demonstrated remarkable possibilities in dealing with, and in many cases overcoming a physical handicap which was once regarded as instrumountable.

The movement referred to above is, however, only a small part of the great public health movement which has yielded for the public schools: (a) periodic medical and dental examinations, (b) school nurses, (c) health drills, (d) instruction in personal hygiene, etc.

### *Questions*

1. What, if any, is the attention paid to the needs of children with heart disorders in your school or community?

2. What should be the place of the school in the nutrition of the school child? Do you think, for example, school lunches are a good thing? Why or why not?

3. What is the status of health work in the schools of your community? Do you have a school physician, a school dentist, a school nurse?

4. How far should the public schools go in diagnosing or even treating sense defects and other physical handicaps in school children?

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## Utah Autumn

*By Dowers Cornwall*

There's haze that dreams on the Utah hills,
And the trees of green drip gold;
Where sunflakes dance on quavering boughs,
There is scent of leafy mould.

Come mellowed, mauve-dusted, gypsy days,
With cool whispers stirring through,
A burst of red is the canyon side,
The sky is a bowl of blue.

There comes a quiver of rainbow days,
Come days with a rusty gleam,
Days that are real, and are yet unreal,
Like the pattern of a dream.

Breezes are chanting a sad farewell,
There's a waning plaint and sigh,
Sweet prelude of the long sleeping time,
Wearied summer's lullaby.

# An Old Wagon Cover

*By Josephine G. Moench*

Flora sat by the window with her sewing in her lap and her hands lying idle as she gazed with a serious face out of the window. The first little blustery snow storm had come very early; and as Flora watched the wind blowing the snow about, she wondered seriously just how she and Will were going to get the children's clothing for the winter.

In the early days of Utah Flora and Will were pioneers to a little town south of Salt Lake. Everyone was finding it very difficult to get food and clothing; but Flora, being an expert seamstress, had, by a great deal of planning, kept the children comfortably clothed up until then, and by handing down and making over she would be able to make outer garments for them all. But the underwear? By any stretch of her imagination she could not expect that which they had worn through the year and which had been mended until the original garment was beyond recognition, to last through this winter.

She remembered on so many occasions how she had trusted the future to providence, which had not failed her; so, with hope springing in her heart, she took up her sewing, thinking the while, that the beautiful Indian summer would come after the storm and there would be no need for worry until that was over.

Hearing the sound of wagon wheels, Flora looked up to see a covered wagon stopping at the gate; the driver climbed out and walked briskly to the door.

"Is this Mrs. Thomas?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes," answered Flora.

"I have been told," he said, "that you are an expert needle woman and have come to see if you will mend our wagon covers. This sudden storm has made us realize that we must have our wagon covers in good condition before we continue our journey to California. One of the covers is too light weight for traveling through such wilderness and if you are willing we will give you the cover to pay for your work."

Willing? Was ever anyone so fortunate? The light weight wagon cover would do to make the children's underwear.

With a song in her heart Flora set to work and conscientiously mended the wagon covers. The traveler was profuse in his appreciation and thanks, and went on his way rejoicing over his storm-proof covers.

Flora had sewed many fine materials but never before had

she been more careful in cutting not to waste, and more absorbed in her task. After bleaching the finished garments on the grass, in the good old-country way, she washed and ironed them carefully. Was it magic that had transformed the old wagon cover into the neat pile of underwear? No. Just a woman's skill combined with a mother's faith and a mother's love.

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## A Common Prayer

*By May E. Lillie*

Oh, Father in heaven I thank Thee so—
For this, our restful bungalow,
For the grass in the yard where the lines swing high,
Filled with clothes that are hung to dry.
How clean they look, how fresh and sweet,
Shirts and tablecloth, towel and sheet,
And even the wholesome underwear,
Fluttering high in the summer air.

How glad I am for the vines that grow,
Around this peaceful bungalow;
Glad for the musical strains that soar
Afar to Thy throne from our open door;
In praise to Thee my voice is lifted
For daughters dear whom Thy love has gifted,
And for these others my voice I raise
In lasting, joyful songs of praise.

# *Special Announcement*

## The Reorganization of the General Board of the Relief Society

The reorganization of the General Board of the Relief Society occurred on October 7, 1928, at the General Conference, held in Salt Lake City.

The Magazine recognizes the reorganization by printing the names of the new officers under the caption of the "General Board" on the first page of editorials. The November issue of the Magazine was far advanced when the reorganization took place; consequently it was impossible to do more than make an announcement. A good deal of the space of the December and January issues will be devoted to the reorganization.

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# NOTICE

## TO SUBSCRIBERS

THIS VOLUME OF THE MAGAZINE ends soon, now is the time to renew your subscription to insure you of a full volume for next year; much trouble is prevented by subscribing early as back numbers are hard to obtain. Send your name in NOW as delay usually means "I FORGOT" then it often is too late to get the number you want most.

# Important to Relief Society Members

**Sisters, THIS IS OUR MAGAZINE, it does not belong to any *one*, but to *all Relief Society Members.* Those who advertise in *Our Magazine* are helping us publish it and thus they are aiding our Cause. We in turn should be loyal to them. We are careful in selecting our advertisers and can recommend them to our readers; THEIR goods are GOOD GOODS and their prices are right; why not *tell* them we appreciate their good-will toward our Cause, by giving them a chance to supply our needs.**

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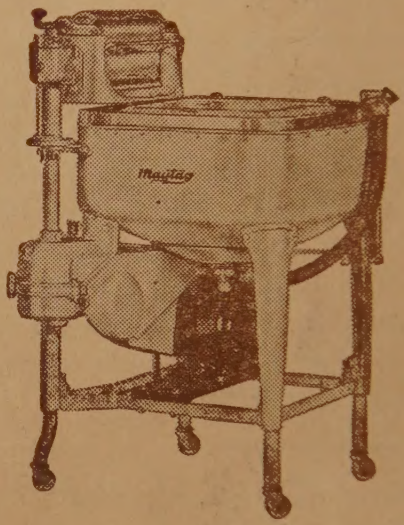


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